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WHEN SPRING-TIDE COMES.

YOUR change draws near, O changeless pall of
grey!
Thou dull brown plain, ye silent woods and
sere!
Heaven will be blue and earth be green and
gay,
And bird and beast be joyous, and life be
dear,

When spring-tide comes.

Far o'er the fields will sound the new lamb's
bleat;
The lark will mount his topmost stair of
song;
From high elm-boughs the treble and tenor
sweet
Of thrush and blackbird mingle all day long.

The woodbine branch will dart its winged
sprays;
The palm-gold rend its casket: whorl by
whorl

Her fragile ladder will the cleaver raise;
The arum-scroll will silently unfurl.

And soon from woody coverts, and beds of
grass,
Arrayed in vestments all of delicate hue,
Meet for the court of the maiden year, will
pass
Troops of white flowers and yellow, pink
and blue.

The shy windflower will nestle 'neath the trees;
Primrose and violet haunt the mossy bank;
Cowslip and king-cup spread o'er the downs
and leas,
Robin and lady-smock o'er meadows dank.

The limes will redden and the oaks embrown;
To chestnut-buds a glistening dew will rise:
The feathering alders to the lake stoop down;
The virgin hazels ope their crimson eyes.

And then, watch howso patiently we may,
A touch eludes our ken. The beechen tops
To-day are golden, willow-wands are grey;
To-morrow a green cloud enfolds the copse.

And if perchance an ice-breath from the North,
Or marsh-air tainted with the Orient's guile,
Smite leaf and blossom brought untimely forth,
The sun will rise and heal them with a smile.

Anon from the south will stream a gentle blast
And bid the jewelled cones of the larches
flash,
From the rough oak woo tender shoots, and
last
Unclench the rigid fingers of the ash.

With field and wood thus bathed in clear green
light,
And ringing with bird-voices night and day,
Dells hyacinth-blue and hedges hawthorn-
white,
Will God's glad earth renew herself in May.

And ye, O torpid fancy and dull heart!
Fettered and chilled in winter's prison so
long,
Will not the touch of sunshine make ye start,
Put on new plumes and tune a fresher song,
When spring-tide comes?
Academy. HENRY G. HEWLETT.

LOCA SENTA SITV.

THE rushes stand where the rushes stood,
Stiff and tall, but the lake is dry;
They will stand so still in the lonely wood,
Till the world shall die.

No wind makes rustle the weary reeds;
The gentle gale and the rushing blast,
As they follow where spring or the storm-king
leads,

Pause aghast.

The red sun flames with a steady light,
No smallest cloud in the brazen skies;
The moon looks down with a pale affright
In her quiet eyes.

No song of bird can now come near,
No buzz of insect ever again,
No ripple of pleasant water, or tear
Of the dripping rain.

The reeds stand now where the reeds then
stood,
Above them hangs the silent sky;
Around them shivers the lonely wood,
And the lake is dry.

Athenæum.

LOVE walked upon the sea this tranced night,
I know,
For the waves beneath his feet ran pale with
silver light,
But he brought me no message as on a sum-
mer night,
A golden summer night, long ago.

Love walked among the fields of yellow waving
corn,
For the poppy blossomed red where his
weary feet had pressed,
And my door stood ready open for a long-
expected guest,
But he never never came, night or morn.

Perhaps if I wait till the summer swallows flee,
He will wander down the valley and meet
me as before,
Or perhaps he will find me alone upon the
shore
When he comes with the swallows over sea.

Athenæum.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
RICHARD CRASHAW.

No sketch of the English literature of the middle of the seventeenth century can pretend to be complete if it does not tell us something of that serried throng of poets militant who gave in their allegiance to Laud, and became ornaments and then martyrs of the High Church party. Their piety was much more articulate and objective than that which had inspired the hymn-writers and various divine songsters of an earlier age; an element of political conviction, of anger and apprehension, gave ardor and tension to their song. They were conservative and passive, but not oblivious to the tendencies of the time, and the gathering flood of Puritanism forced them, to use an image that they would not themselves have disdained, to climb on to the very altar-step of ritualism, or even in extreme instances to take wing for the mystic heights of Rome itself. It is from such extreme instances as the latter that we learn to gauge their emotion and their desperation, and it is therefore Crashaw rather than Herbert whom we select for the consideration of a typical specimen of the High Church poets. Nor is it only the hysterical intensity of Crashaw's convictions which marks him out for our present purpose; his position in history, his manhood spent in the last years of the reign of "Thorough," and in the very forefront of the crisis, give him a greater claim upon us than Herbert, who died before Laud succeeded to the primacy, or Vaughan, who was still a boy when Strafford was executed. There are many other points of view from which Crashaw is of special interest; his works present the only important contribution to English literature made by a pronounced Catholic, embodying Catholic doctrine, during the whole of the seventeenth century, while as a poet, although extremely unequal, he rises, at his best, to a mounting fervor which is quite electrical, and hardly rivalled in its kind before or since. Nor is the story of his life, brief and vague though its outline may be, unworthy of having inspired, as it has evidently done, that noble romance of "John Inglesant" which all the

world has just been reading with so much curiosity and delight.

It has remained for Dr. Grosart to discover that Crashaw, who has hitherto been supposed to have been born in 1616, must really have seen the light in 1612. His father, the Rev. William Crashaw, vicar of Whitechapel and preacher at the Temple, was a notable Puritan divine. Forty years of age when his son was born, William Crashaw had grown up within the vehement and instant fear of papal aggression, and had but become fiercer in his love for a simple Protestantism under the irritating pressure of James the First's decisions. His numerous tracts and sermons are almost entirely devoted to an exposure of what he conceived to be the fatal errors of Rome, and their titles and contents have often been referred to in order to emphasize the difference between their sturdy Protestantism and his son's adoring mysticism. The suggestive title-page of the "Bespotted Jesuit," however, is now proved to have been added by a zealous hand after his death; it is quite plain at the same time, that he would not have shrunk from saying "bespotted," or something far worse, if it had occurred to him so to distinguish a Jesuit, a monk, or a friar. This vigorous personage was the intimate friend of Usher, who is said to have baptized Richard Crashaw, and to have buried a second Mrs. Crashaw, stepmother to the poet, who died at the age of twenty-four, in 1620. It is pleasant to read the great divine's praise of "her singular motherly affection to the child of her predecessor." We learn also that she was a gentlewoman of considerable beauty and accomplishment, a good singer and dancer, and that she gave up the vanities of the world to marry a clergyman who may have been grim and who was certainly elderly. But of Crashaw's own mother we hear not a word, and even her Christian name is missing.

The boy was admitted to the Charterhouse. In October, 1626, his father died, leaving him an orphan at fourteen. His childhood is an absolute blank, until we find him elected, at the rather advanced age of nineteen, to be a scholar of Pem-

broke Hall, Cambridge, on July 6, 1631. He became a matriculated pensioner of Pembroke on March 26, 1632, a bachelor of arts in 1634, was transferred to Peterhouse on November 26, 1636, was elected a fellow of that college in 1637, and became a master of arts in 1638. He was finally ejected, in company with a large number of other Royalist gentlemen, by the Earl of Manchester, on June 11, 1644. These barren statements give us but little power of realizing the poet's life at Cambridge during thirteen years of residence, but it is possible to supplement them with certain facts and illustrations which enable us to see the progress of this delicate spirit through a rough and perilous age. The master of Pembroke, Dr. Benjamin Lany, was an old friend of Crashaw's father, and there can be little doubt that the boy was sent to that college to be under his personal protection. Lany, as far as we can collect an impression of his views, was a stout Protestant, whose opinions had at one time coincided with those of the author of the "Bespotted Jesuit," but who now was leaning more and more in a Laudian direction, and to whom neither ritual nor a flowery poetical diction was distasteful. We really know Dr. Lany almost entirely through a copy of English verses addressed by him to the elder Crashaw, and through another copy of Latin verses addressed to him by the younger Crashaw. In the latter he is spoken of as one around whom young poets throng with their tributes of verse, as "the dear guardian of the Pierian flock," and as one whose habit it is to encourage and guide the children of the Muses. It is, therefore, not unlikely that the transition between the grim Puritanism of his father's household and the fervid Anglicanism of Cambridge was made easy to the youth by the personal character and guidance of Dr. Benjamin Lany. It would be interesting to know whether or not he had begun to compose poetry before going up to the university. It is at all events certain that he was busy versifying almost immediately on his arrival. He was stimulated into the production, or I am afraid we must say the manufacture, of an extraordinary number of exer-

cises, in English and Latin, by the death of William Herries, a promising undergraduate of his own college, who seems to have died rather suddenly in October, 1631, when Crashaw had been at Cambridge only three months. Four of these elegies on a single person pleased their author sufficiently to be retained by him for a prominent position in his "Delights of the Muses" fifteen years afterwards, and others exist and have been printed. Genuine grief does not bewail itself with this fluency, or upon so many stops, and indeed all these pieces seem to be dictated rather by an official than a personal regret. It is interesting, however, to find in them that at the age of twenty Crashaw already possessed the germ of that fine metrical skill and colored fancy which afterwards distinguished him. The extreme vehemence of praise, the laudation of this youth for wit, learning, piety, and physical beauty, was not calculated to startle any one in the seventeenth century, and was probably accepted by the entire college, from Dr. Lany downwards, as being the proper and becoming, and indeed the only possible tone for a young poet to adopt on a melancholy occasion of the kind. The alternations of life and death are dwelt upon in flowing numbers:—

For the laurel in his verse,
The sullen cypress o'er his hearse;
For a silver-crownèd head,
A dirty pillow in death's bed;
For so dear, so deep a trust,
Sad requital, so much dust!

These verses belong to the school of Ben Jonson, but with a difference; there is an indefinable touch of brightness and color about them, which may have suggested to Crashaw's college friends the advent of a new poet. Moreover these elegies on Herries are valuable to us as belonging certainly to the year 1631, when neither Donne, Herbert, nor Habington, although well known in private circles, had been brought before the world as poets. It is very important to observe that Crashaw had already formed the foundation of his lyrical style at a time when it is exceedingly improbable that he can have read a line of Donne's MSS.

Certain tendencies were in the air, and poets in various provinces sounded the same note simultaneously and with unconscious unanimity.

Crashaw's first public appearance was made in a little Latin anthology prepared in 1632 to congratulate Charles I. on the preservation of his health. Repeatedly, through his college career, he was called upon to contribute to those learned garlands of respectful song which were all remembered against the university when that "nest of serpents" fell into the hands of the Puritans. In 1634 Crashaw published a little volume of his Latin verses, entitled "*Epigrammatum Sacrorum Liber*," following a fashion which was already antiquated, and of which John Owen's famous collection had been a typical example. One of these epigrams contains the celebrated conceit on the miracle of the water turned into wine, "*Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit*," which has been very felicitously translated, —

The conscious water saw its God and blushed.

It would be very interesting, but it is unfortunately impossible, to trace the gradual transformation which the religious nature of Crashaw underwent. He found a very fervid piety maintained by certain young men at Cambridge, and he adopted their doctrines while surpassing them in zeal. He had already, we cannot doubt, passed far from the narrow rigor of his father's faith when he came under the influence of the saintly Nicholas Ferrar, whose famous community at Little Gidding gave a final stamp to his character. It is to be lamented that when John Ferrar wrote his deeply interesting life of his brother it did not occur to him to give us fuller particulars of Crashaw; we must, however, be grateful for what he has given. The family of Ferrars and Colletts retired to their lonely manor-house of Little Gidding, in Huntingdonshire, in 1625. Nicholas, already thirty-four years of age, and weary of a career of action, had determined to abandon the world and to adopt a life of pious retirement. The "Protestant Nunnery," a name given to it in malice by the Puritans, was an estab-

lishment conducted on purely unaffected principles, and took its peculiar coloring slowly and unconsciously, as these grave persons, all of one mind, and unopposed in their country solitude, found more and more opportunity of following the natural bent of their inclinations. Until the beauty of their books and the report of their singular devotion had attracted the personal notice of the king, the colony at Little Gidding seems to have been but little distracted by visitors or perturbed by injudicious praise or blame. But the king passed on to Cambridge inflamed with the holy loyalty of these gentle people, and his subjects in the university woke up to the importance of the ritual and the monastic seclusion practised at Little Gidding. Those who were like-minded contended for the honor of following Nicholas Ferrar from the oratory to the church and from the church to the hospital in that round of devotion and benefaction which made life busy in the Protestant Nunnery.

But it was when Mrs. Ferrar died in 1635 that the saintly life at Gidding reached its final ecstasy and fervor. The old lady had watched over the physical welfare of the community, and had preserved sufficient authority over her son Nicholas to prevent him from entirely neglecting what the body craves in sleep and food. But her death released him from all such obligation, and after the day of her funeral he never slept in a bed again, but for the rest of his life wrapped himself in a bear-skin and lay upon the floor when nature overwhelmed him and obliged him to take brief snatches of sleep between his long prayers and vigils. He became more exalted, more unearthly, and of course more attractive than ever to those young ascetics who, like Crashaw, tried to imitate him in the churches and chapels of Cambridge, and who took every opportunity of riding over to Little Gidding to refresh their faith and passion by intercourse with the saintly household. We know that Crashaw was one of these, that he was in constant communion with Nicholas Ferrar until the death of the latter in the winter of 1637, and that when he could not join in the midnight func-

tions at Little Gidding he would emulate the vigils of his teacher by nightly watches in the church of Little St. Mary's, which was close to his new college of Peterhouse.

If the civil war had never broken out, it is probable that Crashaw would never have left the Anglican communion. Nicholas Ferrar, who had sympathies for the ritual and even for the dogmas of Rome, which had been unheard of a generation earlier, stayed his foot very firmly outside the Papal precincts. He died deliberately satisfied with the English forms of faith. He had never taken orders, and, what is still more strange, it seems that Crashaw never did; but he took the warmest interest in ecclesiastical affairs, and was one of those who clamored importunately for the restoration of the college chapel of Peterhouse, which was performed during his fellowship. And when no longer he was forced at midnight to cross the college bounds and enter the neighboring chancel of Little St. Mary's, there can be no doubt that he spent more hours than ever in prayer under the shadow of the wings of the great gold angels of Peterhouse chapel, and among the hundred saints and cherubs, with "God the Father in a chair, holding a glass in His hand," which formed part of the ancient ornament of this splendid building. There, in a trance of orison, with the rich notes of the organ pouring upon him and the light from the antique windows surrounding him, the Puritan Commission found him unaware. On December 21, 1643, Mr. Horscot and his soldiers sacked the chapel of Peterhouse, pulling down the images and breaking the windows. This was but a local realization of the universal fact that the reign of Laudian ceremonial was over. Laud himself was executed three weeks later, and the very foundations of episcopacy in England were shaken. Cambridge formed a helpless island in a sea of Puritan counties, and in the summer of 1644 the Earl of Manchester, on his way to the siege of York, lingered in the eastern university long enough to hold out the alternative of the Covenant or of ejection to every master and fellow. On June 11 five fellows of Peterhouse, Crashaw of course being one of them, were forcibly driven out, and five Puritans appointed in their place.

It seems probable that Crashaw proceeded at once to Oxford, where the king was still for a few months undisturbed. It is at least natural that he should have done so, since in 1641 he had been incor-

porated a member of the sister university, and had been that year in residence at Oxford. It may even be conjectured that the events which followed the execution at Strafford so terrified the timid scholar that he removed to the western and more loyal university, and was ejected from Peterhouse during his absence. However this may be, his position must have become desperate soon after 1644, and he may even have been concealed at Newnham Paddox by his friends the Earl and Countess of Denbigh until the defeat at Naseby finally overwhelmed the Royalist party in ruin. It was at this time that the poet seems to have entered the Catholic Church. His religious nature possessed what Milton calls "a fugitive and cloistered virtue;" to him it must have seemed that the English ritual was destroyed, its bishops scattered, its creed disused, its authority ridiculed; and from the face of anarchy this shrinking soul fled to the staunch and conservative arms of Rome. He had long been meditating the possibility of this step, although very probably it was forced upon him at last harshly and suddenly. Cowley, who was always a sincere Anglican, refers to his friend's conversion to Rome with a charming tact and delicacy:—

Pardon, my mother Church, if I consent
That angels led him when from thee he went;
For even in error sure no danger is
When joined with so much piety as his.
Ah! mighty God, with shame I speak't, and
grief;
Ah! that our greatest faults were in belief!

Regarding the sanctity and single-heartedness of the unfortunate Crashaw there is but one testimony. The only dissentient voice is that of the harsh and ribald Prynne, whose accusation is a eulogy. And now, having attempted to conduct the sacred poet to the great crisis of his life, let us leave him there for a while, and consider those poems which his first editor tells us were written beneath the wings of God, when Crashaw lodged under Tertullian's roof of angels at Peterhouse, "where he made his nest more gladly than David's swallow near the house of God, and, like a primitive saint, offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day."

Crashaw's English poems were first published in 1646, soon after his arrival in Paris. He was at that time in his thirty-fourth year, and the volume contains his best and most mature as well as his crudest pieces. It is indeed a collec-

tion of juvenile and manly verses thrown together with scarcely a hint of arrangement, the uncriticised labor of fifteen years. The title is "Steps to the Temple, Sacred Poems, with other Delights of the Muses." The sacred poems are so styled by his anonymous editor because they are "steps for happy souls to climb heaven by;" the "Delights of the Muses" are entirely secular, and the two divisions of the book, therefore, reverse the order of Herrick's similarly edited "Hesperides" and "Noble Numbers." The "Steps to the Temple" are distinguished at once from the collection with which it is most natural to compare them, "The Temple" of Herbert, by the fact that they are not poems of experience, but of ecstasy, not of meditation, but of devotion. Herbert, and with him most of the sacred poets of the age, are autobiographical; they analyze their emotions, they take themselves to task, they record their struggles, their defeats, their consolation. But if the azure cherubim of introspection are the dominant muses of English sacred verse, the flame-colored seraph of worship reigns in that of Crashaw. He has made himself familiar with all the amorous phraseology of the Catholic metaphysicians; he has read the passionate canticles of St. John of the Cross, the books of the Carmelite nun, St. Teresa, and all the other rosy and fiery contributions to ecclesiastical literature laid by Spain at the feet of the pope during the closing decades of the sixteenth century. The virginal courage and ardor of St. Teresa inspire Crashaw with his loveliest and most faultless verses. We need not share nor even sympathize with the sentiment of such lines as these to acknowledge that they belong to the highest order of lyrical writing:—

Thou art Love's victim, and must die
A death more mystical and high;
Into Love's arms thou shalt let fall
A still-surviving funeral.
His is the dart must make thy death,
Whose stroke will taste thy hallowed breath—
A dart thrice dipped in that rich flame
Which writes thy spouse's radiant name
Upon the roof of heaven, where aye
It shines and with a sovereign ray
Beats bright upon the burning faces
Of souls which in that name's sweet graces
Find everlasting smiles. So rare,
So spiritual, pure, and fair,
Must be the immortal instrument
Upon whose choice point shall be spent
A life so loved; and that there be
Fit executioners for thee,
The fairest first-born sons of fire,
Blest seraphim, shall leave their choir,

And turn Love's soldiers, upon thee
To exercise their archery.

Nor in the poem from which these lines are quoted does this melodious rapture flag during nearly two hundred verses. But such a sustained flight is rare, as in the similar poem of "The Flaming Heart," also addressed to St. Teresa, where, after a long prelude of frigid and tuneless conceits, it is only at the very close that the poet suddenly strikes upon this golden chord of ecstasy:—

Let all thy scattered shafts of light, that play
Among the leaves of thy large books of day,
Combined against this breast at once break in,
And take away from me myself and sin;
This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be,
And my best fortunes such fair spoils of me.
O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dower of lights and fires,
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove,
By all thy lives and deaths of love,
By thy large draughts of intellectual day
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they,
By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire,
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire,
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting soul and sealed thee
His,
By all the heaven thou hast in Him,
Fair sister of the seraphim!
By all of thine we have in thee—
Leave nothing of myself in me;
Let me so read thy life that I
Unto all life of mine may die.

If Crashaw had left us nothing more than these two fragments, we should be able to distinguish him by them among English poets. He is the solitary representative of the poetry of Catholic psychology which England possessed until our own days; and Germany has one no less unique in Friedrich Spe. I do not know that any critic has compared Spe and Crashaw, but they throw lights upon the genius of one another which may seasonably detain us for a while. The great Catholic poet of Germany during the seventeenth century was born in 1591. Like Crashaw, he was set in motion by the Spanish mystics; like him he stood on the verge of a great poetical revolution without being in the least affected by it. To Waller and to Opitz, with their new dry systems of precise prosody, Crashaw and Spe owed nothing; they were purely romantic and emotional in style. Spe was born a Catholic, spent all his life among the Jesuits, and died, worn out with good works and immortalized by an heroic struggle against the system of persecution for witchcraft, in the hospital of Trèves, in 1635, just when Crashaw was

becoming enthralled by the delicious mysteries of Little Gidding. Both of them wrote Jesuit eclogues. In Spe the shepherd winds his five best roses into a garland for the infant Jesus; in Crashaw he entertains the "starry stranger" with conceits about his diamond eyes and the red leaves of his lips. In each poet there is an hysterical delight in blood and in the details of martyrdom, in each a shrill and frantic falsetto that jars on the modern ear, in each a sweetness of diction and purity of fancy that redeem a hundred faults.* The poems of Spe, entitled "*Trutz-Nachtigal*," were first printed in 1649, the year that Crashaw died. The chief distinction between Spe and Crashaw is, in the first place, that Crashaw is by far the greater and more varied of the two as regards poetical gifts, and, secondly, that while Spe was inspired by the national *Volkslied*, and introduced its effects into his song, Crashaw was an adept in every refinement of metrical structure which had been invented by the poet artists of England, Spain, and Italy. The progress of our poetical literature in the seventeenth century will never be thoroughly explained until some competent scholar shall examine the influence of Spanish poetry upon our own. This influence seems to be particularly strong in the case of Donne, and in the next generation in that of Crashaw. I am not sufficiently familiar with Spanish poetry to give an opinion on this subject which is of much value; but as I write I have open before me the works of Gongora, and I find in the general disposition of his "*Octavas Sacras*" and in the style of his "*Canciones*" resemblances to the staves introduced to us by Crashaw which can scarcely be accidental. We know that the latter "was excellent in Italian and Spanish," and we are thus led on to consider the more obvious debt which he owed to the contemporary poetry of Italy. One of the largest pieces of work which he undertook was the translation of the first canto of the "*Strage degli Innocenti*,"

* As an illustration of almost all these qualities, and as a specimen of Spe's metrical gifts, I give one stanza from the "*Trutz-Nachtigal*:"—

Aus der Seiten
Lan sich leiten
Rote Strahlen wie Korall;
Aus der Seiten
Lan sich leiten
Weisse Wässer wie Krystall
O du reines,
Hübsch und feines
Bächlein von Korall und Glas,
Nit noch weiche,
Nit entschleiche,
O Rubin und Perlengass!

or "Massacre of the Innocents," a famous poem by the Neapolitan Cavaliere Marini, who had died in 1625. Crashaw has thrown a great deal of dignity and fancy into this version, which, however, outdoes the original in ingenious illustration, as the true Marinists, such as Achillini, outdid Marini in their conceited sonnets. Crashaw, in fact, is a genuine Marinist, the happiest specimen which we possess in English, for he preserves a high level of fantastic foppery, and seldom, at his worst, sinks to those crude animal imaginings—illustrations from food, for instance—which occasionally make such writers as Habington and Carew not merely ridiculous but repulsive.

In criticising with severity the piece on Mary Magdalene which stands in the forefront of Crashaw's poems, and bears the title of "The Weeper," I have the misfortune to find myself at variance with most of his admirers. I cannot, however, avoid the conviction that the obtrusion of this eccentric piece on the threshold of his shrine has driven away from it many a would-be-worshipper. If language be ever liable to abuse in the hands of a clever poet, it is surely outraged here. Every extravagant and inappropriate image is dragged to do service to this small idea—namely, that the Magdalen is forever weeping. Her eyes, therefore, are sister springs, parents of rills, thawing crystal, hills of snow, heavens of ever-falling stars, eternal breakfasts for brisk cherubs, sweating boughs of balsam, nests of milky doves, a voluntary mint of silver, and heaven knows how many more incongruous objects, from one to another of which the laboring fancy flits in despair and bewilderment. In this poem all is resigned to ingenuity; we are not moved or softened, we are merely startled, and the irritated reader is at last appeased for the fatigues he has endured by a frank guffaw, when he sees the poet, at his wits' end for a simile, plunge into the abyss of absurdity, and style the eyes of the Magdalen

Two walking baths, two weeping motions,
Portable and compendious oceans.

These are the worst lines in Crashaw. They are perhaps the worst in all English poetry, but they must not be omitted here, since they indicate to us the principal danger to which not he only but most of his compeers were liable. It was from the tendency to call a pair of eyes "portable and compendious oceans" that Waller and Dryden, after both of them stumbling

on the same stone in their youth, finally delivered us. It is useless to linger with indulgence over the stanzas of a poem like "The Weeper," simply because many of the images are in themselves pretty. The system upon which these juvenile pieces of Crashaw are written is in itself indefensible, and is founded upon what Mr. Matthew Arnold calls "an incurable defect of style."

Crashaw, however, possesses style, or he would not deserve the eminent place he holds among our poets. The ode in praise of Teresa, written while the author was still among the Protestants, and therefore probably about 1642, has already been cited here. It is an exquisite composition, full of real vision, music of the most delicate order, and imagery which, although very profuse and ornate, is always subordinated to the moral meaning and to the progress of the poem. The "Shepherds' Hymn," too, is truly ingenious and graceful, with its pretty pastoral tenderness. "On Mr. G. Herbert's Book sent to a Gentlewoman" evidently belongs to the St. Teresa period, and contains the same charm. The lyrical epistle persuading the Countess of Denbigh to join the Roman communion contains extraordinary felicities, and seems throbbing with tenderness and passion. We have already drawn attention to the splendid close of "The Flaming Heart." There is perhaps no other of the sacred poems in the volume of 1646 which can be commended in its entirety. Hardly one but contains felicities; the dullest is brightened by such flashes of genius as —

Lo, how the thirsty lands

Gasp for the golden showers with long-stretch'd hands!

But the poems are hard, dull, and laborious, the exercises of a saint indeed, but untouched by inspiration, human or divine. We have to return to the incomparable "Hymn to St. Teresa" to remind ourselves of what heights this poet was capable.

There can be very little doubt that Crashaw regarded the second section of his book, the secular "Delights of the Muses," as far inferior in value and importance to the "Steps to the Temple." That is not, however, a view in which the modern reader can coincide, and it is rather the ingenuity of his human poems than the passion of his divine which has given him a prominent place among poets. The "Delights" open with the celebrated piece called "Music's Duel," paraphrased

from the Latin of Strada. As one frequently sees a reference to the "Latin poet Strada," it may be worth while to remark that Famianus Strada was not a poet at all, but a lecturer in the Jesuit colleges. He belonged to Crashaw's own age, having been born in 1572, and dying in the year of the English poet's death, 1649. The piece on the rivalry of the musician and the nightingale was published first at Cologne in 1617, in a volume of "Prolusiones" on rhetoric and poetry, and occurs in the sixth lecture of the second course on poetic style. The Jesuit rhetorician has been trying to familiarize his pupils with the style of the great classic poets by reciting to them passages in imitation of Ovid, Lucretius, Lucan, and the rest, and at last he comes to Claudian. This, he says, is an imitation of the style of Claudian, and so he gives us the lines which have become so famous. That a single fragment in a school-book should suddenly take root and blossom in European literature, when all else that its voluminous author wrote and said was promptly forgotten, is very curious, but not unprecedented. In England the first person who adopted or adapted Strada's exercise was John Ford, in his play of "The Lover's Melancholy," in 1629. Dr. Grosart found another early version among the Lansdowne MSS., and Ambrose Phillips a century later essayed it. There are numerous references to it in other literatures than ours, and in the present age M. François Coppée has introduced it with charming effect into his pretty comedy of "*Le Luthier de Crémone*." Thus the schoolmaster's task, set as a guide to the manner of Claudian, has achieved, by an odd irony of fortune, a far more general and lasting success than any of the actual verses of that elegant writer. With regard to the comparative merits of Ford's version, which is in blank verse, and of Crashaw's, which is in rhyme, a confident opinion has generally been expressed in favor of the particular poet under consideration at the moment, nor is Lamb himself superior to this amiable partiality. He denies that Crashaw's version "can at all compare for harmony and grace with this blank verse of Ford's." But my own view coincides much rather with that of Mr. Swinburne, who says that "between the two beautiful versions of Strada's pretty fable by Ford and Crashaw there will always be a diversity of judgment among readers; some must naturally prefer the tender fluency and limpid sweetness of Ford, others the

dazzling intricacy and affluence in refinements, the suppleness and cunning implication, the choiceness and subtlety of Crashaw." It may be added that the only reference made by Crashaw in any part of his writings to any of the dramatists his contemporaries is found in a couplet addressed to Ford:—

Thou cheat'st us, Ford, mak'st one seem two
by art;

What is *love's sacrifice* but the broken heart?

After "Music's Duel" the best-known poem of Crashaw's is his "Wishes to his Supposed Mistress," a piece in forty-two stanzas, which Mr. Palgrave reduced to twenty-one in his "Golden Treasury." He neglected to mention the "sweet theft," and accordingly most readers know the poem only as he reduced and rearranged it. The act was bold, perhaps, but I think that it was judicious. As Crashaw left it the poem extends beyond the limits of a lyric, tediously repeats its sentiments, and gains neither in force nor charm by its extreme length. In Mr. Palgrave's selection it challenges comparison with the loveliest and most original pieces of the century. It never, I think, rises to the thrilling tenderness which Donne is capable of on similar occasions. Crashaw never pants out a line and a half which leaves us faint and throbbing, as if the heart of humanity itself had been revealed to us for a moment; with all his flying color and lambent flame Crashaw is not Donne. But the "Wishes" is more than a charming, it is a fascinating poem, the pure dream of the visionary poet, who liked to reflect that he too might marry if he would, and choose a godly bride. He calls upon her—

Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible She
That shall command my heart and me;

Where'er she lie
Locked up from mortal eye
In shady leaves of destiny—

to receive the embassy of his wishes,
bound to instruct her in that higher beauty
of the spirit which his soul demands—

Something more than
Taffata or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or, rich fan.

But what he requires is not spiritual adornment alone; he will have her courteous and accomplished in the world's ways also, the possessor of

Sydneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers;

and finally

Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes say, "Welcome, friend."

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes; and I wish—no more.

The same refined and tender spirit animates the "Epitaph upon Husband and Wife, who died and were buried together." The lovely, rambling verses of "To the Morning, in Satisfaction for Sleep," are perhaps more in the early manner of Keats than any other English lines. In some of those sacred poems which we have lately been considering he reminds us no less vividly of Shelley, and there are not a few passages of Crashaw which it would require a very quick ear to distinguish from Mr. Swinburne. We may safely conjecture that the latter poet's "Song in Season" was written in deliberate rivalry of that song of Crashaw's which runs—

O deliver
Love his quiver;
From thine eyes he shoots his arrows,
Where Apollo
Cannot follow,
Feathered with his mother's sparrows.

But perhaps the sweetest and most modern of all Crashaw's secular lyrics is that entitled "Love's Horoscope." The phraseology of the black art was never used with so sweet and picturesque ingenuity, and the piece contains some of the most delicately musical cadences to be found in the poetry of the age:—

Thou know'st a face in whose each look
Beauty lays ope Love's fortune-book,
On whose fair revolutions wait
The obsequious motions of Love's fate,
Ah! my heart! her eyes and she
Have taught thee new astrology.
Howe'er Love's native hours were set,
Whatever starry synod met,
'Tis in the mercy of her eye
If poor Love shall live or die.

It is probable from internal and from external evidence also that all these secular poems belong to Crashaw's early years at Cambridge. The pretty lines "On two Green Apricocks sent to Cowley by Sir Crashaw" evidently date from 1633; the various elegies and poems of compliment can be traced to years ranging from 1631 to 1634. It is doubtful whether the "Wishes" themselves are at all later than this. Even regarding him as a finished poet ten years before the publication of

his book, however, he comes late in the list of seventeenth-century lyrists, and has no claims to be considered as an innovator. He owed all the basis of his style, as has been already hinted, to Donne and to Ben Jonson. His originality was one of treatment and technique; he forged a more rapid and brilliant short line than any of his predecessors had done, and for brief intervals and along sudden paths of his own he carried English prosody to a higher refinement, a more glittering felicity, than it had ever achieved. Thus, in spite of his conceits and his romantic coloring, he points the way for Pope, who did not disdain to borrow from him freely. It is unfortunate that Crashaw is so unequal as to be positively delusive; he baffles analysis by his uncertain hold upon style, and in spite of his charm and his genius is perhaps most interesting to us because of the faults he shares with purely modern poets. It would scarcely be unjust to say that Crashaw was the first real poet who allowed himself to use a splendid phrase when a simple one would have better expressed his meaning; and in an age when all but the best poetry was apt to be obscure, crabbed, and rugged, he introduces a new fault, that of being visionary and diffuse, with a deliberate intention not only, as the others did, to deck nature out in false ornament, but to represent her actual condition as being something more "starry" and "seraphical" than it really is. His style has hectic beauties that delight us, but evade us also, and colors that fade as promptly as the scarlet and the amber in a sunset sky. We can describe him best in negatives; he is not so warm and real as Herrick, nor so drily intellectual as the other hymnists, nor coldly and respectably virile like Cowley. To use an odd simile of Shelley's, he sells us gin when the other poets offer us legs of mutton, or at all events baskets of bread and vegetables.

After the birth of the future Duchess of Orleans in 1644, Queen Henrietta Maria fled to Paris, and held a kind of court there for the benefit of her husband's cause. The poet Cowley was her secretary, and seems to have introduced Crashaw to her. Tradition says that the younger poet found the elder in great poverty in Paris, and that his good offices with the queen enabled him to secure for Crashaw one of the last fragments of preferment still clinging about exiled majesty. To a fellow Catholic Henrietta Maria could still offer an introduction to Roman society, and it is said that she gave

the poet a letter to Cardinal J. B. Pallotta, then the governor of Rome, a post to which he had been raised, in the flower of his age, by Pope Urban VIII. Pallotta was a man of force and ambition, feared as much as honored for the extreme severity of his morals. His influence over Innocent X. was so considerable and so salutary that he was himself talked of as a possible successor to the tiara. This man, as Canon Bargegrave recounts in his "Pope and College of Cardinals" in 1660, offered Crashaw the post of private secretary to himself, which the poet seems to have held for about two years. In the vivid pages of the close of "John Inglesant" the reader will find a very correct and stirring picture of the condition of the holy city some six years after Crashaw's departure from it. He will easily realize, from that description, that although Rome had purged itself from its most crying scandals of a hundred years before, its society was far from being calculated to soothe or delight the soul of a chaste mystic, who had seen no ruder side of life than was to be found in the quiet hall of Peterhouse or the saintly society of Little Gidding. His soul burned within him because of the wickedness of the servants of the cardinal, and at last, like Joseph, he felt constrained to bring their evil report to his father in God. We hear from Bargegrave, who was in Rome at the time, in common with all the exiled fellows of Peterhouse, that Pallotta took the hint and chastised his followers, whereupon they in revenge threatened to take Crashaw's life. The cardinal, who came from Ancona, bethought him of the neighboring sanctuary of Loreto, of which he was himself the patron, and on April 24, 1649, he procured for the poet a small benefice in the famous Basilica Church of Our Lady.

We can imagine with what feelings of rapture and content the world-worn poet crossed the Apennines and passed down to the dry little town above the shores of the Adriatic, in which he doubtless pictured to himself a haunt of peace and prayer till his life's end. As he ascended the last hill, and saw before him the magnificent basilica which Bramante had built as a shelter for the holy house, he would feel that his feet were indeed upon the threshold of his rest. With what joy, with what a rapturous and beating heart, he would long to see that very Santa Casa, the cottage built of brick, which angels lifted from Nazareth out of the black hands of the Saracen, and gently dropped among the nightingales in the forest of

Loreto on that mystic night of the year 1294. There, like a child's bare body wrapped in the velvets and naperies of a princely cradle, the humble Casa lay in the marble enclosure which Sansovino had made for it, and there through the barbaric brickwork window in the holy chimney he could see, in a trance of wonder, the gilded head of Madonna's cedarn image that St. Luke the Evangelist had carved with his own hands. Here indeed a delicious life seemed planned for Crashaw—to minister all day in the rich incense; to touch the very raiment of Our Lady, stiff with pearls and rubies to the feet; to trim the golden lamps, the offerings of all the kings of the whole Catholic world; to pass in and out between the golden cherubim and brazen seraphim; to cleanse the mosaics of lapis-lazuli, and to polish the silver bas-reliefs till they shouted the story of the magic flight from Nazareth. There, in the very house of Jesus, to hear the noise and mutter of the officiating priest, the bustle of canons, chaplains, monks, and deacons, the shrill, sweet voices of the acolytes singing all day long—this must have seemed the very end of life and beginning of heaven to the mystical and sensuous Crashaw. It appears, however, that his joys were brief. In August, 1649, four months after his appointment, his benefice had passed into other hands, and we learn from Bargrave that he died a few weeks after he arrived at Loreto, not without suspicion of having been poisoned by those whom he had denounced to Cardinal Pallotta. He seems to have been in his thirty-seventh year. Cowley composed a lovely elegy for his funeral, promising him an immortality which he has in some sort achieved. He was a good man and a gentleman, an extreme instance of a remarkable type, and the only one of all the English divine poets of the century whose temperament drove them actually within the precincts of Rome.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
NO NEW THING.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"PECCAVI!"

MARGARET STANNIFORTH was sitting in the library at Longbourne, enjoying the repose of solitude and a lovely June afternoon. She was enjoying these things,

that is, as far as it was possible to her to do so; for, unluckily for her, she was not one of those people who are good company for themselves. In order thoroughly to appreciate the charm of being alone, persons of her temperament must be very happy or very much the reverse; and at this time she was neither the one nor the other. She had, moreover, various causes for disquietude and anxiety, and these were apt to rise up before her in dismal array when she had nothing else to do than to think about them. Philip's letters had of late been few and short; it was only too clear that things were not turning out in accordance with his wishes; and what was worse than this was that Nellie appeared, most unreasonably, to cherish a grudge against him on account of the course which he had seen fit to pursue, and persistently changed the subject when his name was mentioned. It was chiefly on Philip's behalf that Margaret felt ill at ease; but there was another small matter which disturbed her peace a good deal in these days, and which was certainly not among the annoyances to which any one would have supposed her likely to be liable.

"Exceeding her income!—exceeding fifteen thousand five hundred a year!" exclaimed old Mr. Stanniforth, when Hugh journeyed to Manchester for the express purpose of making a singular communication to him. "Then all I can say is that she must have a nest of first-class robbers under her roof!"

The old gentleman had, however, made no great difficulty about authorizing his co-executor to sell out certain securities; and in this manner the cost of Mrs. Winington's residence and entertainments in Park Street had been defrayed.

Given a proportionate style of living, it is not much more difficult to exceed fifteen thousand than fifteen hundred a year; and poor Margaret's financial talents were of the slenderest order. During the first days of her wealth, when it had seemed to her that her income was practically boundless, she had responded liberally to every appeal for charity that had been made to her, and she would not now reduce subscriptions which were really out of all keeping with her resources. Later on, the charity which begins at home had been forcibly brought to her notice by her mother, who knew how far money would go, if any one did, but who not unjustifiably argued that Margaret was quite the richest woman of her acquaintance. The expense of living

at Longbourne this economist assessed at about one-third of her daughter's income, leaving a balance of at least 9,000*l.* per annum to be devoted to the relief of the deserving. As a matter of fact, Longbourne cost Mrs. Stanniforth very nearly double the sum assigned thereto by her mother; and when to this was added the maintenance of such very expensive persons as Mrs. Winnington herself and Philip Marescalchi had become, it will be seen that not much margin was left for unforeseen calls.

So it came about that Margaret, instead of laying by money, often found herself pinched for the want of it; and this it was that caused her pangs of self-reproach, and, among other things, made solitude distasteful to her. She moved about the room restlessly, wondering — as she had so often done in the course of her rather unhappy life — why responsibilities which she was utterly incapable of exercising should have been cast upon her, and whether, upon the whole, it would not have been a great deal better for everybody if she had never been born.

"I wish somebody would come and see me," she thought; "I wish Hugh would come. And oh! how I wish Philip would come back!"

She was standing by the window when she uttered this last aspiration aloud, and hardly had she done so when her eye was attracted by a slowly-moving black object which was advancing far away across the sunny expanse of the park. This, by degrees, took the distinct shape of one of the ramshackle flies from Crayminster station, and as it drew nearer it became evident that there was luggage upon the box. Then Margaret drew in her breath, while her face lighted up with joyous surprise; for who but one person could be driving up to Longbourne provided with two large portemanteaux and a hat-box?

All doubt was soon at an end. The fly rolled up over the gravel, and stopped at the door; a dusty traveller descended; and in another minute Mr. Marescalchi was in Margaret's arms. Philip wore a rueful countenance. When the first inarticulate sounds of welcome and salutation had been interchanged, he dropped down upon a sofa, made gestures intended to simulate the rending of his clothes and the heaping of dust upon his head, and began in a lamentable voice:—

"Where's the fatted calf, Meg? Send for the ring and the new garment, and let us eat, drink, and be merry. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen! walk up, and see

the show. Here's your fine old genuine prodigal; there's no deception. I've wasted my substance in a far country, I've lived among — well, we won't push the parallel too far. Meg, I have come home to confess my sins. I am no more worthy —"

Margaret laid her hand upon his lips. "Hush!" she said. "I don't like to hear you make fun of the Bible."

"Fun! — I make fun!" groaned Philip. "Oh dear, oh dear! you little know how far I am from being in a jocose humor. I am trying to stave off the evil moment, that's all."

"There can be no evil moments now that you have come back to me safe and sound," said Margaret quickly.

"Yes; that's the proper spirit in which to receive the prodigal. And yet the evil moment has to be got through. I have made a mess of it, Meg — a thorough, complete, and satisfactory mess of it. I was within a hair's breadth of being the owner of Longbourne; but the laws of England, which look favorably upon the splitting of hairs, won't allow of their being swept away altogether; and so I am landless and nameless, and my parents were never man and wife, because they forgot that the Union Jack was flying within a stone's throw of the church in which they were married."

Philip then related how and why he had failed to attain the object of his journey to Florence, and basked for a while in the warmth of affectionate sympathy.

"I do think it is most abominably unjust," exclaimed Margaret. "What more can people do than be married in church? As if a mere contract made in a consul's office could be as important as that! Tom Stanniforth, who is so fond of taking up other people's grievances, ought really to bring this one before Parliament."

"On public grounds, I dare say it might be a good thing if he did. As far as I am personally concerned, no amount of Tom Stanniforths or Acts of Parliament could help me. I am a failure, Meg; and, what is worse, I have made myself into a ludicrous failure. Do you know that for some time I was strongly tempted to disappear and never let you hear of me again?"

"Oh, Philip!"

"But I thought better of it, you see. The prodigal, you know, thought better of it when his money was all gone, and it came to be a case of husks or starvation. But I don't suppose that he put things to himself in that coarse way. I should

imagine, judging from analogy, that what he said to himself was something more like this: 'What an ungrateful brute I am! Here have I been receiving every imaginable kindness all my life, and scarcely troubling myself to say thank you for it, thinking of nothing and caring for nothing but my own gratification — and now I have my reward! I am ashamed of myself and disgusted with myself. I can't undo the past; but I will go home and cry *peccavi*; and then, if my father chooses to turn me out of doors, let him do it. I shall not complain.' So he packs his portemanteau, and pays his hotel bill, and off he goes to the station without saying a word to anybody, and — and — here he is, wishing very much to make a clean breast of it, but in oh! such an awful funk that he doesn't know how to begin."

"Am I so formidable?" said Margaret, smiling and giving Philip's hand an encouraging squeeze. "My dear boy, if you have anything unpleasant to tell me, tell it me at once; and don't think that I shall scold you. I am a great deal too bad myself to condemn my neighbors. The only way in which you could really pain me would be to conceal your troubles from me; and that you have never done in your life."

"Ah, Meg; it is just what I have done. I don't want to make excuses for myself; but I can't help thinking that it is more difficult to me to be honest than to most people. Walter, now, couldn't tell a lie to save his life: if he did, he would get so red and look so guilty that it wouldn't be of the slightest service to him. But I don't suffer in that way. I can tell a lie with the utmost facility; and that, I suppose, is why I have been telling you lies of a more or less direct kind ever since I can remember."

"Oh, don't say that!" exclaimed Margaret.

"You had better not tempt me," answered Philip, with a rather bitter laugh, "or I may take you at your word. My poor, dear old Meg, I could go on throwing dust in your eyes to the end of the chapter; but I won't. I want to turn over a new leaf — upon my soul and honor, I do! Only, before I can do that, I must swallow a dose of nauseous physic; and if you only knew how I hate the idea of raising it to my lips, you would beware of interrupting me. Now, don't say a word; I am going to drink." Philip made a gulp and a grimace, and then said, very quickly: "What Kenyon told you was

true. I was married for rather more than a year; and all last winter I lived with my wife in Conduit Street, where she died only a few months ago. She was a girl from a pastrycook's shop in Oxford."

Margaret turned very white; but she did not remove her hand from Philip's shoulder, where she had laid it when she sat down beside him on the sofa.

"Oh, how did it happen?" she exclaimed. "I am sure it was all her fault."

In the midst of all his discomfort and humiliation Philip could not repress a short laugh. "No, it was not her fault," he answered. "She was as good a little woman as ever breathed; and — well, I was very fond of her."

"Fonder than of Nellie?" asked Margaret hastily.

"No; not nearly so fond. At least, I believe not — I can't tell. Will you have the whole truth? *I don't remember*. Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Philip, bursting out laughing, "when I do go in for telling the truth, I believe there's no one like me. I wonder how many men there are living in this world of weathercocks who would have dared to say such a thing as that!"

It certainly was not very wise to say such things to Margaret. She tried to look as if she was not pained and shocked, but made an indifferent success of the attempt.

"I don't wonder that you did not let me know about it at first," she said. "Of course you *could* not let me know, and it is not telling an untruth to remain silent. Perhaps, for everybody's sake, it was kinder to remain silent for a time. I can see how it was; you intended to enlighten me, and then you put off, and put off, as one does. Wasn't that it?"

"I was having her educated and made presentable," answered Philip. He perfectly understood that Margaret was arguing with herself quite as much as she was making excuses for him; and it did not appear to him that she was likely to get the best of the argument. He would almost rather have been reproached a little.

"Poor thing!" Margaret said presently.

"Yes, you may say 'Poor thing!' now, without a mental reservation. I wonder how it would have been had she been still living, and I had brought her down here to introduce her to you. She used to talk about 'beaviour,' and if Mrs. Winington had snubbed her, it is more than probable that she would have burst out crying in public. Would you have said,

'Poor thing!' then? No; you would have said, 'Vulgar little wretch!'"

"I hope I should not."

"Wouldn't you? You would have thought it, though; and so should I, perhaps. I was awfully unhappy when I thought that she was going to die; I don't know when I have been so unhappy in my life. But as soon as she was gone I began to see that whatever is right. Tell me now — because I should like to know what you really think about it — was that human nature, or was it only *my* nature?"

"Oh, don't!" exclaimed Margaret. She did not at all understand Philip's whimsical pleasure in sneering at himself; nor could she guess that it was in this manner that he was accustomed to answer conscience and still the pangs of remorse.

There was a long silence, which Margaret broke by asking, "Was hers a sudden death?"

And then Philip, taking up a different tone, related how he had lost first his baby, and afterwards his wife, and spoke upon both subjects with so much real feeling that he was quite forgiven long before he had ceased.

"I suppose you have not told Nellie anything about this yet?" said Margaret.

"Gracious goodness! no. Must I confess my sins to more than one person?"

"But, Philip, I don't think that there has been any sin. You have said the worst of yourself that possibly could be said; and I feel sure that, if you had chosen, you might have made things sound very differently. One cannot call it wrong to make a foolish marriage."

"In my case, perhaps, hereditary instincts may be pleaded as an extenuation of the offence."

"Only I do think it would be wrong to conceal it from Nellie. If she loves you, she will certainly pardon you; but it might not be so easy for her to forgive, if she were to hear the story from somebody else."

"Such as that admirable creature Colonel Kenyon, for instance. I'll tell her then; though I verily believe that, if I take many more steps in the path of righteousness, my hair will turn white in a single night, as Bonnivard's didn't."

"At all events," said Margaret cheerfully, "you have got through your confession in one quarter; and you see it has not been so very terrible, after all."

"Oh, but excuse me; I haven't got through it. The worst is still to come."

"The worst!" echoed Margaret in dismay.

Philip nodded. "I told you about my friend Signora Tommasini, didn't I?"

"Yes — well? — oh, you surely cannot mean —"

"That I have married Signora Tommasini?" asked Philip, going off into a peal of laughter; for Margaret's face of consternation tickled him irresistibly. "No; it isn't quite so bad as that. It's bad enough, though," he added, becoming suddenly sobered; "I owe her a lot of money."

Margaret drew a long breath. "If that is all —" said she.

"Oh! that is all. You don't know how much it is, though."

"However much it may be, we will manage to pay her," said Margaret briskly.

"This is dreadful! Why don't you call me names? Why do you heap coals of fire upon my head? It's — well, it's five thousand pounds."

Philip was staring intently at the ground when he made this startling disclosure, and he consequently did not see how Margaret's face fell. Her voice was quite steady and cheerful as she answered, —

"Five thousand pounds will not ruin me. But how did you — Never mind, though, if you would rather not tell me. It is of no consequence."

"Meg, you are too good for this wicked world. Of course I will tell you. It isn't very creditable, but you will hardly expect it to be that. I took to gambling for a time — Heaven knows why; I don't! — and I had a run of the most fearful luck; and the long and short of it was that I found myself all that sum to the bad, and I couldn't pay. The woman tempted me, and — I mean this good Signora Tommasini, who is very nearly as foolish as you are, offered to save me from disgrace and ruin, and I wasn't so rude as to make her speak twice before I replied. She said I was to pay her back when I became a great singer and was earning a great salary; but —"

"You could not remain under such an obligation to a stranger," interrupted Margaret quickly.

"Ah! there it is. And yet I must be under an obligation to somebody."

"There can be no question of obligations between us, Philip. I simply do for you what you would do for me if our positions were reversed. I only wish you had applied to me, instead of to her, in the

first instance. But it was very kind of her. I think I should like to know that Signora Tommasini."

"I am not quite sure that you would; she is hardly in your line. But she is a dear, good old thing, all the same; and she has never breathed a syllable about repayment, though I dare say she wants the money as much as anybody else. The first thing that I thought of when I read those useless signatures in the register at Sant' Onofrio was that I should be able to wipe out my debt; but that was not to be, and ever since then I have been unable to sleep at nights for thinking of it."

"Why did you not write and tell me?" asked Margaret reproachfully. "You ought to have known that I should never think twice about giving you anything that you wanted, so long as I had it to give."

"I did know it; but it was a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul, you see; and, little as you might suppose it, Meg, I have still some feelings of shame left. I couldn't bring myself to ask you for more money; so I lay awake, and brooded over my sins. I suppose that nobody can come to a realizing sense of what a sinner he is until he takes to lying awake at nights. It was that lying awake that showed me how abominably I had behaved to you, and how I had deceived you; and at last I could stand it no longer. I resolved that I would strike while the iron was hot, come straight home, and tell you all about—about the other thing, you know. And, having resolved upon that, it seemed best to make a full confession of everything—as I have done."

Thus far, as regarded essentials, Philip's veracity had been unimpeachable; but he had been guilty of a slight suppression of truth in attributing his hurried departure from Florence to the stings of an awakened conscience alone. His suspicions with regard to the signora had deepened into something very like certainty as the days had gone on. He had found himself falling more and more under her sway. Her good-humored, authoritative trick of ordering him to do this and that had extended itself to matters of the smallest detail, and, favored by his indolence as well as by his sense of obligation, had reached such a pitch that at last he felt that he could hardly call his soul his own. It seemed to him that he was in some sense the signora's property, and she treated him as if he were so in every sense. Matters came to

a climax one evening when he was driving back from the theatre with her, and when she asked him in so many words whether he did not think that it was much better for some men to marry women older than themselves. The wretched Philip stammered out an incoherent reply, shrank back into his corner of the carriage in mortal terror, and, as soon as he reached the hotel, rushed up-stairs, packed his belongings, and fled the country precipitately. Such alarm may seem a little exaggerated, but probably Philip understood the danger of the situation better than anybody else could do. He believed that the signora was capable of ordering him to marry her, and he knew that, under sufficient stress, he was capable of consenting to anything.

The wisdom of the step which he had taken was at any rate amply justified by the event, when he found himself sitting, with all his sins confessed and forgiven, and his troubles as good as over. Margaret's pardon had been so readily accorded that he was encouraged to hope well of his approaching interview with Nellie, albeit much disinclined to walk over to Broom Leas forthwith, as he was urged to do.

"Mightn't I have a night's rest first?" he pleaded.

"You will rest so much better when you have done your duty. Why put off till to-morrow what might be done to-day?"

"Why do to-day what might be put off till to-morrow? However, if I must, I must."

Philip got up, sighed, and moved towards the door; but before he reached it, it was thrown open, and Miss Brune herself walked in.

Margaret and Philip exchanged quick glances of dismay; but the former was equal to the occasion. She stepped forward, and kissed Nellie, who had stopped short, with a cry of surprise, on recognizing the new arrival, and "Here is somebody," said she, "whom you would rather see than me, I think. I have some letters to write, and I am going to the drawing-room to write them. You can send for me when you want me—or I should rather say *if* you want me."

But Nellie had seized Margaret by the arm, and retained a firm grip of it. "Please do not go away, Mrs. Stanniforth," she said. "It was to see you that I came. I have had some very disagreeable news."

And then she looked pointedly at Philip, with whom she had not shaken hands, and

who promptly made a move in the direction of the door. "I'll go," he said; "only will you tell me one thing first: does this disagreeable news relate in any way to me?"

Nellie turned her eyes upon him. He did not look at all like a whipped hound, as he ought to have done. His face wore a slight smile, a faint expression of curiosity, which may have been genuine or assumed, but which in either case would have sufficed to harden her heart against him. "Yes, it does," she answered shortly.

Margaret glanced apprehensively from one to the other, and caught the girl by both hands. "Oh, Nellie!" she exclaimed, "I think we know it all already. It's about somebody who—who is dead, is it not? And Philip has come back on purpose to tell you everything, and to say how sorry he is. You won't judge him until you have heard him, will you?"

"He can have nothing to say that I should care to hear," answered Nellie; "and I dare say he will be glad that somebody else has spared him the trouble of an explanation."

"I have my dear friend Colonel Kenyon to thank for this," muttered Philip.

"It was Walter who wrote to me," said Nellie, "if that makes any difference. I came here to tell Mrs. Stanniforth that of course our engagement must be at an end. There is nothing more to be said that I know of."

But Margaret thought that there was a great deal more to be said. "Dear Nellie," she began, "don't be hasty. It is quite natural that you should be angry—"

"I am not angry at all; it is not worth being angry about," declared Nellie, who was very angry indeed. "I am glad I found out in time, that is all."

"He was just going to Broom Leas to tell you."

"Because he could not help himself. He told you why he had gone to Florence when he could not conceal it any longer."

"That has all come to nothing," said Margaret quickly.

"Of course it has come to nothing; I did not believe the story for a moment. And now the engagement to which I ought never to have consented has come to nothing too. I hope I shall never hear the subject mentioned again in my life."

Margaret was still holding Nellie's hands, as if in that way she could obtain control over a will stronger than her own.

She threw an imploring glance at Philip, who was leaning back against the mantelpiece, with his hands in his pockets, and who merely raised his eyebrows, drew down the corners of his mouth, and shrugged his shoulders in answer to her appeal. It was evident that he had no intention of fighting his own battle; so she had to go on fighting it for him.

"Nellie," she pleaded, "we must all forgive sometimes. I know you have a great deal to forgive; but for your own sake, as well as his, you must try."

"Oh," answered Nellie, with a short laugh, "I shall be able to forgive him without trying very much. There are some people to whom one forgives anything and everything, because—"

"Because one loves them," broke in Margaret eagerly.

"No; because— But I won't say what I was going to say; and I won't pretend that I can quite forgive Philip yet. It is not so easy to forgive an insult as an injury. If only I can avoid seeing him for a few months, I have no doubt I shall be able to like him again as well as I ever did."

"Oh, Nellie!" murmured Margaret, with her eyes full of tears.

"Dear Mrs. Stanniforth, don't cry!" exclaimed the girl, softening suddenly; "he is not worth it—I mean we are not worth it; and I can't bear to hurt you. I haven't been quite honest about this; I should have broken off the engagement in any case. Perhaps, as you say, I should have forgiven Philip at once, if I had loved him; but I don't love him, and I never have. I did try—no one knows how I tried—but I was perfectly miserable the whole time; and it was such a relief when he went away! I knew then that I never could really marry him; and I suppose that I ought to have said so. This morning when Walter's letter came, I felt as if I had been reprieved from a sentence of death. You see how impossible it would have been for me to do as you wished."

This was not very pleasant hearing for our irresistible friend in the background, who had been a great deal more mortified and crestfallen throughout than he had chosen to appear.

"After that," said he, "I think the best thing I can do is to retire gracefully." And he was out of the room before Margaret could say a word to stop him.

"How glad I am he is gone!" exclaimed Nellie.

But Margaret sighed, "Poor Philip!

oh, *poor* fellow! It was cruel of you to speak of him like that when he was still in the room."

To this Nellie made no reply; and indeed it must be confessed that, during the remainder of the interview between the two ladies, the younger displayed a great deal more forbearance than did the elder. To be magnanimous was, perhaps, easier for Nellie, who had an excellent case, than for Margaret, who had no case at all; but it is somewhat trying to a proud and quick-tempered girl that her magnanimity should meet with no recognition. More than once Nellie was upon the point of making a sharp retort; but she bit her lips and kept silence, knowing how severe was the disappointment which had fallen upon the kindest of her friends, and feeling that her own conduct in this matter had not been quite as straightforward as it might have been.

"What can I say?" she exclaimed at length. "I think Philip insulted me by coming straight down here from his wife's deathbed, and asking me to marry him; I suppose anybody would consider that an insult. But I don't want to convince you that he has behaved badly; and I'm afraid you can't convince me that he has not. The best way is to say no more about it. Even if Philip had been able to prove to us that all this was a calumny, and that he had never had a wife, I still could not have married him. I understand now that I never could have cared for him as one ought to care for one's husband."

"It is rather hard upon him that you should not have found that out before you accepted him," said Margaret.

Nellie did not remind her critic of the doubts which had been made light of in that very room at the time alluded to, nor did she quote certain words of Margaret's which remained very vividly in her memory. "I am quite willing to take my share of the blame, if there is to be any blame," she said humbly; "but if I had consulted you, you could not have advised me to do anything else than break off the engagement, now that I know for certain that I don't love him."

This was unanswerable, and Margaret felt it to be so; yet she was not altogether silenced. She went on fighting, though she knew that the battle was lost; and Nellie listened patiently and sadly. There came a moment when the two women were very near quarrelling for the first time in their lives; but that passed away. One of them was too sweet-tempered to

allow matters to come to such extremities, and the other was too keenly alive to the pity of their falling out over so unworthy an object. They parted at last with tears and embraces, but with a cloud between them of which both were conscious.

The cause of the strife, meanwhile, was walking about the garden, trying to pluck up his spirits, which declined to answer to the spur. He could not brave the thing out. If Nellie had wished to punish him, she had discovered the right way to do so. The loss of her love was a real misfortune to him, but for the moment the loss of her respect seemed an infinitely greater one. It had often happened to him to speak and think of himself contemptuously; put that was a very different thing from hearing himself contemptuously spoken of by others. Nellie had told him in the plainest of language that she despised him; and he could not help seeing that Margaret, without being herself in the least aware of it, despised him too. He had no feeling of anger against either one of them; but he did feel exceedingly uncomfortable and horribly humiliated. Under the circumstances, there was but one thing to be done: he must get away with all possible despatch from the scene of such painful experiences. He would go up to London, he thought, and place himself in Steinberger's hands once more, and court oblivion; which, to be sure, never needed much wooing on his part. And then he thought of the five thousand pounds which he would soon be able to pay to Signora Tommasini's bankers, and that consoled him a little.

After a long time Margaret came out of the house with red eyes, and walked quickly across the grass towards him.

"Well, Meg," he said smiling, as he passed his arm through hers, "so it's all over. Confession made, but absolution deferred; isn't that the way Mr. Langley would put it?"

"You know that if you needed any absolution from me, you had it at the first moment," she answered; "but that is not what you want, my poor boy. It is not against me that you have offended — if you have offended. And I can do nothing for you."

"Do you call five thousand pounds nothing?"

"Oh, that," said Margaret, who had entirely forgotten this trifling detail in the more serious trouble that had overtaken them both, "that is easily provided. But, Philip dear, I can give you no hope about Nellie. I have done all that I could do,

and it has been quite useless. I am so very, very sorry."

"What a dear old thing you are! But you mustn't be sorry, Meg; it can't be helped. It is a bitter pill; let us swallow it down and make no faces."

"It seems heartless to try and comfort you," said Margaret presently; "still there always is comfort—for a man. You will find interests in the world—occupations—plenty of things to divert your thoughts from the one subject."

"I think it quite possible that I may," answered Philip gravely. "And I must really be setting to work again in earnest now," he added, after a pause.

"At the law, do you mean?"

"I am afraid it would be a long time before Hobson and Jobson would give me a brief. No; I have only the one talent, and I must not bury it. Duty points to London and Herr Steinberger and scales, Meg."

"But you told me that you really did not like the idea of going on the stage," objected Margaret, looking up at him with eyes full of pity.

"I am not sure that I do like it; but I intend heroically to lump it. I don't know what Steinberger will say to me, I'm sure; but I haven't altogether wasted my time at Florence, and perhaps he may allow me to try my wings by a little preliminary flight before the season is over. Anyhow, I ought not to put off seeing him any longer than I can help. Do you still rise with the lark to attend divine service, Meg? If you do, you may catch a glimpse of me before I start to-morrow morning."

"Couldn't you stay just a few days with me, Philip?"

"Do you think it would be wise? When one has been kicked down-stairs, one looks rather foolish if one persists in sitting upon the doorstep."

"I wish you would not say such things. You have not been treated in that way at all."

"Not by you; but I have been kicked all the same; and I feel uncommonly foolish. I really couldn't stay here, Meg. If there were nothing else to drive me away, the commiseration of Mrs. Prosser would be enough in itself. Give a man time to recover his self-conceit a little."

"It is just possible," said Margaret after a few minutes, "that I may not be here myself much longer. I am rather thinking of letting Longbourne for a time."

"Letting Longbourne!" ejaculated

Philip. "Since when have you taken that notion into your head?"

"Oh, I have been thinking of it for a long time. I really want a change, and —"

"Meg, I don't believe a word of it!" exclaimed Philip, interrupting her. "You never dreamt of letting Longbourne before this afternoon; and you want to cut down so as to be able to find me that money. But I'm not going to take it. Merciful heavens! I am not quite such a despicable fellow as that yet—whatever Nellie may think of me. I may have earned as much as that for myself before another year is out—who knows? But I'd rather go to the Jews for it than that you should be deprived of a single comfort."

"Pray, pray don't do that, Philip!" cried Margaret in great alarm. "I don't know much about money-lenders, but everybody says that when once you get into their hands, you are never free again. Promise me that, whatever happens, you will have nothing to do with them!"

"All right," answered Philip, laughing; "I'll promise. The more willingly as I very much doubt whether they would have anything to do with me."

Thus reassured, Margaret was able to join in his laughter, and to add: "Your self-conceit, as you call it, must be coming back to you already if you think I am going to cut down my establishment to pay your debts. What is five thousand pounds to me? Nothing! I want to get away from Longbourne for many reasons. It is lonely now, and I am tired of it; and my mother is ill again, and will have to spend the summer in Germany most likely. Perhaps I shall join her there. Altogether, I don't know when I may have so good an opportunity again for escaping from all my chains for a time."

If this pious fraud was confessed to Mr. Langley on the following day, it may be hoped that he was not too hard upon its perpetrator. To raise a sum of five thousand pounds, over and above her current expenses, would have been at this time as impossible a feat for Margaret as for Philip himself to perform. She was indeed able to hand over a cheque for the required amount; but, having done so, it would have been out of her power to continue her present rate of living without considerably overdrawing her account before the end of the quarter. The only solution that suggested itself to her was to strike out the item of personal expenditure altogether from the budget; and

no sooner had she seen Philip drive away from the door with his cheque in his pocket, than she took prompt measures to carry out this plan. She gave orders to the astonished Prosser to pay off and dismiss her staff of underlings forthwith; she wrote the necessary instructions to the house-agents in London; and then set out, with a light heart, to walk down to the rectory, having a certain proposition to make which she had reason to hope would be favorably looked upon there.

From The Leisure Hour.
SKETCHES IN THE MALAY PENINSULA.

BY ISABELLA L. BIRD,

AUTHOR OF "A LADY'S LIFE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS," "UNBEATEN TRACKS IN JAPAN," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

SS. Rainbow, Malacca Roads,
February 1st, 5 P.M.

I AM once again on board this quaint little Chinese steamer, which is rolling on a lazy ground-swell on the heated, shallow sea. We were to have sailed at four P.M., but mat-sailed boats, with cargoes of Chinese, Malays, fowls, pineapples, and sugarcane, keep coming off and delaying us. The little steamer has long ago submerged her load-line, and is only about ten inches above the water, and still they load, and still the mat-sailed boats and eight-paddled boats, with two red-clothed men facing forwards on each thwart, are disgorging men and goods into the overladen craft. A hundred and thirty men, mostly Chinese, with a sprinkling of Javanese and Malays, are huddled on the little deck, with goats and buffaloes, and forty coops of fowls and ducks, the fowls and ducks cackling and quacking, and the Chinese clattering at the tops of their voices — such a Babel!

An hour later, "Easy ahead," shouts the Portuguese-Malay captain, for the "Rainbow" is only licensed for one hundred passengers, and the water runs in at the scuppers as she rolls, but five of the mat-sailed boats have hooked on. "Run ahead! full speed!" the captain shouts in English; he dances with excitement, and screams in Malay. The Chinamen are climbing up the stern, over the bulwarks, everywhere, fairly boarding us; and with about a hundred and fifty souls on board, and not a white man or a Christian among them, we steam away over the gaudy water into the gaudy sunset; and beauti-

ful, dreamy, tropical Malacca, with its palm-fringed shores, and its colored streets, and Mount Ophir, with its golden history, and the stately Stadthaus, whose ancient rooms have come to seem almost like my property, are passing into memories. A gory ball drops suddenly from a gory sky into a flaming sea, and

With one stride comes the dark.

There is no place for me except on this little bridge, on which the captain and I have just had an excellent dinner, with hencoops for seats. These noisy fowls are now quiet in the darkness, but the noisier Chinese are still bawling at the top of their voices. It is too dark for another line.

British Residency,
Klang, Sēlangor.

You will not know where Klang is, and I think you won't find it in any atlas or encyclopædia. Indeed, I almost doubt whether you will find Sēlangor, the Malay State of which Klang is, after a fashion, the capital. At present I can tell you very little.

Sēlangor is bounded on the north by the "protected" State of Perak, which became notorious in England a few years ago for a "little war," in which we inflicted a very heavy chastisement on the Malays for the assassination of Mr. Birch, the British resident. It has on its south and southeast Sungei Ujong, Jelabu, and Pahang; but its boundaries in these directions are ill defined. The Strait of Malacca bounds it on the west, and its coast line is about a hundred and forty miles long. From its slightly vague interior boundary to the coast, it is supposed to preserve a tolerably uniform depth of from fifty to sixty miles. Klang is on the Klang River, in lat. $3^{\circ} 3' N.$, and long. $101^{\circ} 29' 30'' E.$ I call it "the capital after a fashion," because the resident and his myrmidons live here, and because vessels which draw thirteen feet of water can go no higher; but the true capital, created by the enterprise of Chinamen, is thirty-six miles farther inland, the tin-mining settlement of Kwala Lumpor.* Sēlangor thrives, if it does thrive, which I greatly doubt, on tin and gutta; but Klang is a most mis-thriven, decayed, miserable-looking place. The nominal ruler of Sēlangor is Sultan Abdulsamat, but he hibernates on a pension at Langat, a long

* Kwala Lumpor is now the most important mining entrepôt in Sēlangor, and in 1880 the British resident and his staff were removed thither.

way off, and must be nearly obliterated, I think.

It is a great change from Malacca in every respect. I left it with intense regret. Hospitality, kindness, most genial intercourse, and its own semi-mediaeval and tropical fascinations, made one of the brightest among the many bright spots of my wanderings.

It was a delightful night. The moon was only a hemisphere, yet I think she gave more light than ours at the full. The night was so exquisite that I was content to rest without sleeping; the Babel noises of fowls and men had ceased, and there were only quiet sounds of rippling water, and the occasional cry of a sea bird as we slipped through the waveless sea. When the moon set the sky was wonderful with its tropic purple and its pavement and dust of stars. I have become quite fond of the Southern Cross, and don't wonder that the early navigators prostrated themselves on deck when they first saw it. It is not an imposing constellation, but it is on a part of the sky which is not crowded with stars, and it always lies aslant and obvious. It has become to me as much a friend as is the Plough of the northern regions.

At daybreak the next morning we were steaming up the Klang River, whose low shores are entirely mangrove swamps, and when the sun was high and hot we anchored in front of the village of Klang, where a large fort on an eminence, with grass embankments in which guns are mounted, is the first prominent object. Above this is a large wooden bungalow with an *attap* roof, which is the British Residency. There was no air, and the British ensign in front of the house hung limp on the flagstaff. Below there is a village, with clusters of Chinese houses on the ground, and Malay houses on stilts, standing singly, with one or two government offices bulking largely among them. A substantial flight of stone steps leads to a skeleton jetty with an *attap* roof, and near it a number of *attap*-roofed boats were lying, loaded with slabs of tin from the diggings in the interior, to be transhipped to Pinang. A dainty steam-launch, the "*Abdulsamat*," nominally the sultan's yacht, flying a large red and yellow flag, was also lying in the river.

Mr. Bloomfield Douglas, the resident, a tall, vigorous, elderly man, with white hair, a florid complexion, and a strong voice heard everywhere in authoritative tones, met me with a four-oared boat, and a buggy with a good Australian horse

brought me here. From this house there is a large but not a beautiful view of river windings, rolling jungle, and blue hills. The lower part of the house, which is supported on pillars, is mainly open, and is used for billiard-room, church, afternoon tea-room, and audience room; but I see nothing of the friendly, easy-going to and fro of Chinese and Malays, which was a pleasant feature of the residency in Sungei Ujong. In fact there is here much of the appearance of an armed post amidst a hostile population. In front of the residency there is a six-pounder flanked by two piles of shot. Behind it there is a guard-room, with racks of rifles and bayonets for the resident's body-guard of twelve men, and quarters for the married soldiers, for soldiers they are, though they are called policemen. A gong hangs in front of the porch on which to sound the alarm, and a hundred men fully armed can turn out at five minutes' notice.

The family consists of the resident, his wife, a dignified and gracious woman with a sweet but plaintive expression of countenance, and an afflicted daughter, on whom her mother attends with a loving, vigilant, and ceaseless devotion of a most pathetic kind. The circle is completed by a handsome black monkey tied to a post, and an ape which they call an *ouf*, from the solitary monosyllable which it utters, but which I believe to be the "agile gibbon," a creature so delicate that it has never yet survived a voyage to England.

It is a beautiful creature. I could "put off" hours of time with it. It walks on its hind legs with a curious human walk, hanging its long arms down by its sides, like B—. It will walk quietly by your side like another person. It has nice dark eyes, with well-formed lids like ours, a good nose, a human mouth, with very nice white teeth, and a very pleasant, cheery look when it smiles, but when its face is at rest the expression is sad and wistful. It spends a good deal of its time in swinging itself most energetically. It has very pretty fingers and finger-nails. It looks fearfully near of kin to us, and yet the gulf is measureless. It can climb anywhere, and take long leaps. This morning it went into a house in which a cluster of bananas is hanging, leaped up to the roof, and in no time had peeled two, which it ate very neatly. It has not even a rudimentary tail. When it sits with its arms folded it looks like a gentlemanly person in a close-fitting fur suit.

Klang does not improve on further ac-

quaintance. It looks to me as if half the houses were empty, and certainly half the population is composed of government *employés*, chiefly police constables. There is no air of business energy, and the queerly mixed population saunters with limp movements; even the few Chinese look depressed, as if life were too much for them. It looks, too, as if there were a need for holding down the population — which I am sure there is not — for in addition to the fort and its barracks, military police-stations are dotted about. A gaol, with a very high wall, is in the middle of the village.

The jungle comes so near to Klang that tigers, and herds of elephants sometimes forty strong, have been seen within a half a mile of it. In Sungei Ujong there was some excitement about a "rogue elephant" (*i.e.*, an elephant which, for reasons which appear good to other elephants, has been expelled from the herd, and has been made mad and savage by solitude), which, after killing two men, has crossed the river into Selingor, and is man-killing here. A few days ago a man, catching sight of him in the jungle, took refuge in a tree, and the brute tore the tree down with its trunk and trampled the poor fellow to death, his companion escaping during the process.

There is an almost daily shower here, and it is lovely now, with a balmy freshness in the air. No one could imagine that we are in the torrid zone, and only 3° from the equator. The mercury has not been above 83° since I came, and the sea and land breezes are exquisitely delicious. I wish you could see a late afternoon here in its full beauty, with palms against a golden sky, pink clouds, a pink river, and a balm-breathing air, just strong enough to lift the heavy-scented flowers, which make the evening air delicious. There has been a respite from mosquitoes, and I am having a "real good time."

But I had a great fright yesterday — part of the "good time," though. I was going into the garden when six armed policemen leapt past me as if they had been shot, followed by Mr. Daly, the land surveyor, who has the Victoria Cross for some brave deed, shouting, "A cobra! a cobra!" and I saw a hooded head above the plants, and then the form I most fear and loathe twisting itself towards the house with frightful rapidity, every one flying. I was up a ladder in no time, and the next moment one of the policemen, plucking up courage, broke the reptile's

back with the butt of his rifle, and soon it was borne away dead by its tail. It was over four feet long. They get about three a day at the fort. There is a reward of twenty cents per foot for every venomous snake brought in, fifty cents per foot for an alligator, and twenty-five dollars for every tiger. Lately the police have got two specimens of the *Ophiophagus*, a snake-eating snake over eighteen feet long, whose bite they say is certain death. They have a horrible collection of snakes alive, half dead, dead, and preserved. There was a fright of a different kind late at night, and the two made me so nervous that when the moonlight glinted two or three times on the bayonet of the sentry, which I could see from my bed, I thought it was a Malay going to murder the resident, against whom I fear there may be many a *vendetta*.

SS. "Abdulsamat,"
Langat River, Selingor.

I was glad to get up at sunrise, when the whole heaven was flooded with color and glory, and the lingering mists which lay here and there over the jungle gleamed like silver. Before we left Mrs. Douglas gave me tea, scones, and fresh butter, the first fresh butter that I have tasted for ten months. We left Klang in this beautiful steam-launch, the (so-called) yacht of the sultan, at eight, with forty souls on board.

I am somewhat hazy as to where I am. "The Langat River" is at present to me only a "geographical expression." It is now past three o'clock, and we have been going about since eight, sometimes up rivers, but mostly on lovely tropic seas among islands. This is one of the usual business tours of the resident, with the additional object of presenting a uniform to the sultan. Besides Mr. Douglas there are his son-in-law Mr. Daly; Mr. Hawley, who has lately been appointed to a collectorship, and who goes up to be presented to the sultan; Mr. Syers, formerly a private in the 10th Regiment, now superintendent of the Selingor police force; and thirty policemen, who go up to form the sultan's escort to-morrow. Precautions, for some occult reason, seem to be considered indispensable here, and have been increased since the murder of Mr. Lloyd at the Dindings. The yacht has a complete permanent roof of painted canvas, and under this an armament of boarding-pikes. Round the little foremast four cutlasses and a quantity of ball cartridges are displayed. Six rifles are in a rack below, and the policemen and body-guard are armed with rifles and bayonets.

The yacht is perfection. The cabin, in which ten can dine, is high and airy, and, being forward, there is no vibration. Space is exquisitely utilized by all manner of contrivances. She is only fifty tons and very low in the water, but we are going all the way to Prince of Wales Island in her — two hundred miles. Everything is perfect on board, even to the *cuisine*, and I appreciate the low rattan chairs at the bow, in which one can sit in the shade and enjoy the zephyrs.

This day has been a tropic dream. I have enjoyed it and am enjoying it intensely. We steamed down the Klang River, and then down a narrow, river-like channel among small palm-fringed islands which suddenly opened upon the sea, which was slightly green towards the coral-sanded, densely wooded, unpeopled shores, but westwards the green tint merged into a blue tint, which ever deepened till a line of pure, deep, indescribable blue cut the blue sky on the far-off, clear horizon. But, ah! that "many twinkling smile of ocean"! Words cannot convey an idea of what it is under this tropic sun and sky, with the "silver-flashing" wavelets rippling the surface of the sapphire sea, beneath whose clear warm waters brilliant fishes are darting through the coral groves. These are enchanted seas —

Where falls not rain, or hail, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly.

It is unseemly that the "Abdulsamat" should smoke and puff and leave a foamy wake behind her. "Sails of silks and ropes of sendal," and poetic noiseless movements only would suit those lovely Malacca Straits. This is one of the very few days in my life in which I have felt mere living to be a luxury, and what it is to be akin to seas and breezes, and birds and insects, and to know why nature sings and smiles.

We had been towing a revenue cutter with stores for a new lighthouse, and cast her adrift at the point where we anchored, and the resident and Mr. Daly went ashore with thirteen policemen, and I had a most interesting and instructive conversation with Mr. Syers. Afterwards we steamed along the low wooded coast, and then up the Langat River till we came to Bukit Jugra, an isolated hill covered with jungle. The landing is up a great face of smooth rock, near the top of which is a pretty police-station, and higher still, nearly concealed by bananas and coco-palms, is the large bungalow of the reve-

nue-officer and police magistrate of Langat. We saw Mr. Ferney, the magistrate, landed the police guard, and then steamed up here for a council.

Mr. Syers went ashore, and returned with the sultan's heir, the Rajah Moussa, a very peculiar-looking Malay, a rigid Mohammedan, who is known, the resident says, to have said that when he becomes sultan he "will drive the white men into the sea." He works hard as an example to his people, and when working dresses like a coolie. He sets his face against cock-fighting and other Malay sports, is a reformer, and a *dour*, strong-willed man, and his accession seems to be rather dreaded by the resident, as it is supposed that he will be something more than a mere figure-head prince. He is a hadji, and was dressed in a turban made of many yards of priceless silk muslin, embroidered in silk, a white baju, a long white sarong, and full white trousers — a beautiful dress for an Oriental. He shook hands with me. I wish that these people would not adopt our salutations, their own are so much more appropriate to their character.

The yacht is now lying at anchor in a deep, coffee-colored stream, near a picturesque Malay villa on stilts, surrounded by very extensive groves of palms. Several rivers intersect each other in this neighborhood, flowing through dense jungles and mangrove swamps. The sun is still high. The four white men and the Rajah Moussa have gone ashore snipe-shooting, the Malays on board are sleeping, and I am enjoying a delicious solitude.

February 4th, 4 P.M.

We are steaming over the incandescent sapphire sea among the mangrove-bordered islands which fringe the Sélångor coast, under a blazing sun, with the mercury 88° in the shade, but the heat, though fierce, is not oppressive, and I have had a delightful day. The men returned when they could no longer see to shoot snipes, with a good filled bag, and after sunset we dropped down to Bukit Jugra (?). Most of the river was as black as night with the heavy shadows of the forest, but along the middle there was a lane of lemon-colored water, the exquisite reflection of a lemon-colored sky. The resident and Mr. Daly went down to the coast in the yacht to avoid the mosquitos of the interior, but I with Omar, one of the "body-guard," half Malay half Kling, as my attendant, and Mr. Syers, landed, to remain at the magistrate's bungalow. It was a lovely

walk up the hill through the palms and bananas, and the bayonets of our escort gleamed in the intense moonlight, not with anything alarming about them either, for an escort is only necessary because the place is so infested by tigers. The bungalow is large but rambling, and my room was one built out at the end, with six windows with solid shutters, of which Mr. Ferney closed all but two, and half-closed those, because of a tiger which is infesting the immediate neighborhood of the house, and whose growling they say is most annoying. He killed a heifer belonging to the sultan two nights ago, and last night the sentry got a shot at him from the verandah outside my room as he was engaged in most undignified depredations upon the hen-house.

There was a grand excitement yesterday morning. A tigress was snared in a pitfall and was shot. Her corpse was brought to the bungalow warm and limp. She measured eight feet two inches from her nose to her tail, and her tail was two feet six inches long. She had whelps, and they must be starving in the jungle to-night, and bemoaning their tigress mother. Her beautiful skin is hanging up. All the neighborhood, Chinese and Malay, turned out. Some danced, and the sultan beat gongs. Everybody seized upon a bit of the beast. The sultan claimed the liver, which, when dried and powdered, is worth twice its weight in gold as a medicine. The blood was taken, and I saw the Chinamen drying it in the sun on small slabs: it is an invaluable tonic! The eyes, which were of immense size, were eagerly scrambled for, that the hard parts in the centre, which are valuable charms, might be set in gold as rings. It was sad to see the terrible "glaring eyeballs" of the jungle so dim and stiff. The bones were taken to be boiled down to a jelly, which, when some mysterious drug has been added, is a grand tonic. The gall is most precious, and the flesh was all taken, but for what purpose I don't know. A steak of it was stewed, and we tasted it, and I found it in flavor much like the meat of an ancient and over-worked draught ox, but Mr. Ferney thought it like good veal. At dinner the whole talk was of the wild beasts of the jungle, and, as we were all but among them, it was very fascinating. I wanted to go out by moonlight, but Mr. Ferney said that it was not safe, because of tigers, and even the Malays there don't go out after nightfall.

Mr. Ferney has given me a stick with

a snake-mark on it, which was given to him as a thing of great value. The Malay donor said that any one carrying it would become invulnerable and invisible, and that if you were to beat any one with it, the beaten man would manifest all the symptoms of snake-poisoning! Mr. Ferney has also given me a *kris*. When I showed it to Omar this morning, he passed it across his face and smelt it, and then said, "This kris good — has ate man."

I could not sleep much, there were such strange noises, and the sentry made the verandah creak all night outside my room, but this is a splendid climate, and one is refreshed and ready to rise with the sun after very little sleep. The tropic mornings are glorious. There is such an abrupt and vociferous awakening of nature, all dew-bathed and vigorous. The rose-flushed sky looks cool, the air feels cool, one longs to protract the delicious time. Then with a suddenness akin to that of his setting, the sun wheels above the horizon, and is high in the heavens in no time, truly "coming forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a giant to run his course," and as truly "there is nothing hid from the heat thereof," for hardly is he visible than the heat becomes tremendous. But tropical trees and flowers, instead of drooping and withering under the solar fury, rejoice in it.

This morning was splendid. The great banana fronds under the still blue sky looked truly tropical. The mercury was 82° at seven A.M. The "tiger mosquitos," day torments, large mosquitos with striped legs, a loud metallic hum, and a plethora of venom, were in full fury from daylight. Ammonia does not relieve their bites as it does those of the night mosquitos, and I am covered with inflamed and confluent lumps as large as the half of a bantam's egg. But these and other drawbacks, I know from experience, will soon be forgotten, and I shall remember only the beauty, the glory, and the intense enjoyment of this day.

Quite early the Rajah Moussa arrived in a baju of rich gold-colored silk, which suited his swarthy complexion. He sat in the room pretending to look over the *Graphic*, but in reality watching me, as I wrote to you, just as I should watch an *ouf*. At last he asked me how many Japanese I had killed!!!!

The succession is here hereditary in the male line, and this Rajah Moussa is the sultan's eldest son. The sultan re-

ceives £2,000 a year out of the revenue, and this rajah £960.

The resident arrived at nine, wearing a very fine dress sword and gold epaulets on his linen coat; and under a broiling sun we all walked through a cleared part of the jungle, through palms and bananas, to the reception at the sultan's, which was the "motive" of our visit. The Sultan Abdulsamat has three houses in a beautiful situation at the end of a beautiful valley. They are in the purest style of Malay architecture, and not a Western idea appears anywhere. The wood of which they are built is a rich brown-red. The roofs are very high and steep, but somewhat curved. The architecture is simple, appropriate, and beautiful. The dwelling consists of the sultan's house, a broad open passage, and then the women's house, or harem. At the end of the above passage is the audience-hall, and the front entrance to the sultan's house is through a large porch, which forms a convenient reception-room on occasions like that of yesterday.

From this back passage, or court, a ladder, with rungs about two feet apart, leads into the sultan's house, and a step-ladder into the women's house. Two small boys, entirely naked, were incongruous objects sitting at the foot of the ladder. Here we waited for him, two files of policemen being drawn up as a guard of honor. He came out of the women's house very actively, shook hands with each of us — obnoxious custom! — and passed through the lines of police round to the other side of his house into the porch, the floor of which was covered with fine matting nearly concealed by handsome Persian rugs.

The sultan sat in a high-backed, carved chair, or throne; all the other chairs were plain. The resident sat on his right, I on his left, and on my left the Rajah Moussa, with other sons of the sultan, and some native princes. Mr. Syers acted as interpreter. Outside there were double lines of military police, and the bright adjacent slopes were covered with the sultan's followers and other Malays. The balcony of the audience-hall, which has a handsome balustrade, was full of Malay followers in bright reds and cool white. It was all beautiful, and the palms rustled in the soft air, and bright birds and butterflies flew overhead, rejoicing in mere existence.

If Abdulsamat were not sultan, I should pick him out as the most prepossessing Malay that I have seen. He is an elderly

man with iron-grey hair, a high and prominent brow, large, prominent, dark eyes, a well-formed nose, and a good mouth. The face is bright, kindly, and fairly intelligent. He is about the middle height; his dress becomes him well, and he looked comfortable in it though he had not worn it before. It was a rich black velvet baju, or jacket — something like a loose hussar jacket, braided, frogged, and slashed with gold — trousers with a broad gold stripe on the outside, a rich silk sarong in checks and shades of red, and a Malay-printed silk handkerchief knotted round his head, forming a sort of peak. No Mohammedan can wear a hat with a rim or stiff crown, or of any kind which would prevent him from bowing his forehead to the earth in worship.

The resident read the proceedings of the council of the day before, and the sultan confirmed them. The nominal approval of measures initiated by the resident and agreed to in council, and the signing of death-warrants, are among the few prerogatives which "his Highness" retains. Then a petition for a pension from Rajah Brean was read, the rajah, a slovenly-looking man, being present. The petition was refused, and the sultan in refusing it spoke some very strong words about idleness, which seems a great failing of Rajah Brean's, but it has my strong sympathy, for

why
Should life all labor be?
There is no joy but calm;
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown
of things?

During the reception a richly-dressed attendant sat on the floor, with an iron tube like an Italian iron in his hand, in which he slowly worked an arrangement which might be supposed to be a heater up and down. I thought that he might be preparing betel-nut, but Mr. Douglas said that he was working a charm for the sultan's safety, and it was believed that if he paused some harm would happen. Another attendant, yet more richly dressed, carried a white scarf, fringed and embroidered with gold, over one shoulder, and two vases of solid gold, with their surfaces wrought by exquisite workmanship into flowers nearly as delicate as filigree work. One of these contained betel-nut, and the other *sirih* leaves. Meanwhile the police, with their bayonets flashing in the sun, and the swarthy, richly costumed throng on the palm-shaded slopes, were a beautiful sight.

The most interesting figure to me was that of the reforming heir, the bigoted Moslem, in his gold-colored baju, with his swarthy face, singular and almost sinister expression, and his total lack of all Western fripperies of dress. I think that there may be trouble when he comes to the throne — at least, if the present arrangements continue. He does not look like a man who would be content to be a mere registrar of the edicts of "a dog of an infidel."

The sultan has a "godown" containing great treasures, concerning which he leads an anxious life, hoards of diamonds and rubies, and priceless damascened kris, with scabbards of pure gold, wrought into marvellous devices, and incrustated with precious stones. On Mr. Douglas's suggestion (as I understood) he sent a kris, with an elaborate gold scabbard, to the governor, saying, "It is not from the sultan to the governor, but from a friend to a friend." He seems anxious for Sélångor to "get on." He is making a road at Bukit Jugra at his own expense, and, acting doubtless under British advice, he has very cordially agreed that the odious system of debt slavery shall be quietly dropped from among the institutions of Sélångor.

When this audience was over I asked to be allowed to visit the sultana, and, with Mrs. Ferney as interpreter, went to the harem, accompanied by the Rajah Moussa. It is a beautiful house, of one very large lofty room, part of which is divided into apartments by heavy silk curtains. One end of it is occupied by a high dais covered with fine mats, below which is another dais, covered with Persian carpets. On this the sultana received us, the Rajah Moussa, who is not her son, and ourselves sitting on chairs. If I understood rightly that this prince is not her son, I do not see how it is that he can go into the women's apartments. Two guards sat on the floor just within the door, and numbers of women, some of them in white veils, followers of the sultana, sat in rows also on the floor.

It must be confessed that the "light of the harem" is not beautiful; she looks nearly middle-aged. She is short and fat, with a flat nose, open wide nostrils, thick lips, and filed teeth, much blackened by betel-nut chewing. Her expression is pleasant, and her manner is prepossessing. She wore a rich striped red-silk sarong, and a very short green silk kabaya, with diamond clasps; but I saw very little of her dress or herself, because

she was almost enveloped in a pure white veil of a fine woollen material, spangled with gold stars, and she concealed so much of her face with it, in consequence of the presence of the Rajah Moussa, that I only rarely got a glimpse of the magnificent diamond solitaires in her ears. Our conversation was not brilliant, and the sultana looked to me as if she had attained *nirvana*, and had "neither ideas nor the consciousness of the absence of ideas." We returned and took leave of the sultan, and after we left I caught a glimpse of him lounging at ease in a white shirt and red sarong, all his gorgeousness having disappeared.

After we returned to the bungalow the sultan sent me a gift. Eight attendants dressed in pure white came into the room in single file, and, each bowing to the earth, set down a brass salver, with its contents covered with a pure white cloth. Again bowing, they uncovered them, and displayed the fruitage of the tropics. There were young coconuts, gold-colored bananas of the kind which the sultan eats, papayas, and clusters of a species of jambu, a pear-shaped fruit, beautiful to look at, each fruit looking as if made of some transparent, polished white wax with a pink flush on one side. The Rajah Moussa also arrived and took coffee, and the verandahs were filled with his followers. Every rajah goes about attended, and seems to be esteemed according to the size of his following.

We left this remote and beautiful place at noon, and after a delightful cruise of five hours among islands floating on a waveless sea, we reached dreary, decayed Klang in the evening.

The Residency, Klang,
February 7th.

I have had two days of supposed quiet here after the charming expedition to Langat. The climate seems very healthy. The mercury has been 87° daily, but then it falls to 74° at night. The barometer, as is usual so near the equator, varies only a few tenths of an inch during the year. The rainfall is about one hundred inches annually. It is most abundant in January, February, and March, and at the change of the monsoon in May and June, and there is enough all the year round to keep vegetation in beauty. Here, on uninteresting cleared land, with a featureless foreground, and level mangrove swamps for the middle distance, it must be terribly monotonous to have no change of seasons, no hope of the mercury falling below 80° in the daytime, or of a bracing wind, or of

any marked climatic changes for better or worse.

The mosquitos are awful, but after a few months of more or less suffering the people who live here become inoculated by the poison, and are more bothered than hurt by the bites. I am almost succumbing to them. The ordinary ones are bad enough, for just when the evenings become cool, and sitting on the verandah would be enjoyable, they begin their foray, and specially attack the feet and ankles, but the tiger mosquitos of this region bite all day, and they do embitter life. In the evening all the gentlemen put on sarongs over their trousers to protect themselves, and ladies are provided with sarongs which we draw over our feet and dresses, but these pests bite through two "ply" of silk or cotton, and in spite of all precautions, I am dreadfully bitten on my arms, feet, and ankles, which are so swollen that I can hardly draw on my sleeves, and for two days stockings have been an impossibility, and I have had to sew up my feet daily in linen! The swellings from the bites have become confluent, and are scarlet with inflammation. It is truly humiliating that "the crown of things" cannot defend himself against these minute enemies, and should be made as miserable as I am just now.

But it is a most healthy climate, and when I write of mosquitos, land leeches, centipedes, and snakes, I have said my "say as to its evils. I will now confess that I was bitten by a centipede in my bath-house in Sungei Ujong, but I at once cut the bite deeply with a penknife, squeezed it, and poured ammonia recklessly over it, and in a few hours the pain and swelling went off.

I have been to the fort, the large barrack of the military police, and Mr. Syers showed me many things. In the first place, a snake about eight feet long was let out and killed. The Malays call this a "two-headed" snake, and there is enough to give rise to the ignorant statement, for after the proper head was dead the tail stood up and moved forwards. The skin of this reptile was marked throughout with broad bands of black and white alternately. There was an ill-favored skull of a crocodile hanging up to dry, with teeth three inches long. One day lately a poor hadji was carried off by one, and shortly afterwards this monster was caught, and on opening it they found the skull of the hadji, part of his body, a bit of his clothing, and part of a goat. I brought away as spoils tigers' teeth

and claws, crocodiles' teeth, bears' teeth, etc.

On our return, four Malay women, including the imaum's wife, came to see me. Each one would have made a picturesque picture, but they had no manners, and seized on my hands, which are coarsened, reddened, and swelled from heat and mosquito-bites, all exclaiming "*Chanti! Chanti!*" (pretty! pretty!). I wondered at their bad taste, specially as they had very small and pretty hands themselves, with almond-shaped nails.

In the evening the "establishment" dined at the residency. After dinner, as we sat in the darkness in the verandah, maddened by mosquito-bites, about 9.30 the bugle at the fort sounded the "alarm," which was followed in a few seconds by the drum beating "to quarters," and in less than five minutes every approach to the residency was held by men with fixed bayonets, and fourteen rounds of ball-cartridges each in their belts, and every road round Klang was being patrolled by piquets. I knew instinctively that it was "humbug," arranged to show the celerity with which the little army could be turned out; and shortly an orderly arrived with a note "False alarm;" but Klang never subsided all night, and the Klings beat their tomtoms till daylight. I am writing at dawn now, in order that my letter may "catch the mail."

Steam-Launch Abdulsamat,
February 7th.

You will certainly think, from the dates of my letters, that I am usually at sea. The resident, his daughter, Mrs. Daly, Mr. Hawley, a revenue-officer, and I, left Klang this morning at eight for a two days' voyage in this bit of a thing. Blessed be "the belt of calms"! There was the usual pomp of a body-guard, some of whom are in attendance, and a military display on the pier, well-drilled, and well officered in quiet, capable, admirable, unobtrusive Mr. Syers; but gentle Mrs. Douglas, devoted to her helpless daughter, standing above the jetty, a lone white woman in forlorn, decayed Klang, haunts me as a vision of sadness, as I think of her sorrow and her dignified hospitality in the midst of it.

Now at half past eleven we are aground with an ebb-tide on the bar of the Sélán-gor River, so I may write a little, though I should like to be asleep.

Yesterday, after a detention on the bar, we steamed up the broad, muddy Sélán-gor River, margined by bubbling slime, on which alligators were basking in the

torrid sun, to Sélángor. Here the Dutch had a fort on the top of the hill. We destroyed it in August, 1871.

Sélángor is a most wretched place—worse than Klang. On one side of the river there is a fishing village of mat and attap hovels on stilts raised a few feet above the slime of a mangrove swamp; and on the other an expanse of slime, with larger houses on stilts, and an attempt at a street of Chinese shops, and a gambling-den, which I entered and found full of gamblers at noonday. The same place serves for a spirit and champagne shop. Slime was everywhere oozing, bubbling, smelling putrid in the sun, all glimmering, shining, and iridescent, breeding fever and horrible life; while land crabs boring holes, crabs of a brilliant turquoise-blue color, which fades at death, and reptiles like fish, with great bags below their mouths, and innumerable armor-plated insects, were rioting in it under the broiling sun.

We landed by a steep ladder upon a jetty with a gridiron top, only safe for shoeless feet, and Mr. Hawley and I went up to the fort by steps cut in the earth. There are fine mango-trees on the slopes, said to have been planted by the Dutch two centuries ago. Within the fort the collector and magistrate—a very inert-looking Dutch half-caste—has a wretched habitation, mostly made of attap. We sat there for some time. It looked most miserable, the few things about being empty bottles and meat-tins. A man would need many resources, great energy, and an earnest desire to do his duty, in order to save him from complete degeneracy. He has no better prospect from his elevation than a nearly level plateau of mangrove swamps and jungle, with low hills in the distance, in which the rivers rise. It was hot—rather.

In the mean time the resident was trying a case, and when it was concluded we steamed out to sea and hugged all day the most monotonous coast I ever saw, only just, *if* just, above high-water mark, with a great level of mangrove swamps and dense jungle behind, with high, jungle-covered hills in the very far distance, a vast area of beast-haunted country of which nothing is known by Europeans, and almost nothing by the Malays themselves. So very small a vessel tumbles about a good deal even with a very light breeze, and instead of going to dinner I lay on the roof of the cabin studying blue-books. At nightfall we anchored at the mouth of the Bernam River to avoid the

inland mosquitos, but we must have brought some with us, for I was malignantly bitten. Mrs. Daly and I shared the lack of privacy and comfort of the cabin. Perfect though the "Abdulsamat" is, there is very little rest to be got in a small and over-crowded vessel, and besides, the heat was awful. I think we were not far enough from the swampy shore, for Mrs. Daly was seized with fever during the night, and a Malay servant also. In the morning Mrs. Daly, who is comely, and has a very nice complexion, looked haggard, yellow, and much shaken.

At daylight we weighed anchor and steamed for many miles up the muddy, mangrove-fringed River Bernam, the mangroves occasionally varied by the *nipah* palm. We met several palm-trees floating with their roots and some of their fruits above the water, like those we saw yesterday evening on the Malacca Straits, looking like crowded Malay *prahus* with tattered mat sails.

Before nine we anchored at this place, whose wretchedness makes a great impression on me, because we are to deposit Mr. Hawley here as revenue-collector. I have seen him every day for a week; he is amiable and courteous, as well as intelligent and energetic, and it is shocking to leave him alone in a malarious swamp. This dismal revenue-station consists of a few exceptionally poor-looking Malay houses on the river bank, a few equally unprosperous-looking Chinese dwellings, a police-station of dilapidated thatch among the trees, close to it a cage in which there is a half-human-looking criminal lying on a mat, a new house or big room raised for Mr. Hawley, with the swamp all round it and underneath it, and close to it some pestiferous ditches which have been cut to drain it, but in which a putrid-looking brown ooze has stagnated. There is a causeway about two hundred yards long on the river bank, but no road anywhere. The river is broad, deep, swift, and muddy; on its opposite side is Perak, the finest State in the peninsula, and the cluster of mat houses on the farther shore is under the Perak government. Sampans are lying on the heated slime. Coconut-trees fringe the river bank for some distance, and there are some large spreading trees loaded with the largest and showiest crimson blossoms I ever saw, throwing even the gaudy *Poinciana regia* into the shade; but nothing can look very attractive here, with the swamp in front and the jungle behind,

where the rhinoceros is said to roam undisturbed.

We landed in the police boat at a stilted jetty approached by a ladder with few and slippery rungs. At the top there was a primitive gridiron of loose nibong bars, and the river swirled so rapidly and dizzily below, that I was obliged ignominiously to hold on to a Chinaman in order to reach the causeway safely. To add to the natural insecurity of the foothold, some men were killing a goat at the top of the ladder, and its blood made the whole gridiron slippery. The banks of the river are shining slime, giving off fetid exhalations under the burning sun, there is a general smell of vegetable decomposition, and miasma fever (one would suppose) is exhaling from every bubble of the teeming slime and swamp.

In the verandah of Mr. Hawley's house a number of forlorn-looking rajahs are sitting, each with his forlorn-looking train of followers, and in front of the police-station a number of forlorn-looking Malays are sitting motionless hour after hour. The Chinese have a row of shops above the river bank, and even on this deadly-looking shore they display some purpose and energy. Mrs. Daly and I are sitting in Mr. Hawley's side verandah with the bubbling swamp below us. She reads a dull novel, I watch the dead life, pen in hand, and think how I can convey any impression of it to you. The resident has gone snipe-shooting to replenish our larder. A dug-out now and then crosses from the Perak side, a sauntering Malay occasionally joins the squatting group, a fishing hawk now and then swoops down upon a fish, a policeman occasionally rouses up the wretch in the cage, and so the torrid hours pass.

I take this up again as the dew falls, and the sea takes on the coloring of a dying dolphin. The resident returned with a good bag of snipe, and with Rajah Odoot, a gentle, timid-looking man, and another rajah, with an uncomfortable, puzzled face, took his place at a table, a policeman with a brace of loaded revolvers standing behind him. Policemen filed in; one or two cases were tried and dismissed, the Malay witnesses trembling from head to foot, and then the wretch from the cage was brought in, looking hardly human, as from under his shaggy, unshaven hair and unplaited pigtail which hung over his chest he cast furtive, frightened glances at the array before him. He was charged with being a waif. A Malay had picked him up at sea in a

boat of which he could give no account, neither of himself. So he is supposed to have been implicated in the murder of Mr. Lloyd, and we are bringing him heavily ironed and his boat up to Pinang. I wonder how many of the feelings which we call human exist in the lowest order of Orientals! It is certain that many of them only regard kindness as a confession of weakness. The Chinese seem specially inscrutable, no one seems really to understand them. Even the Canton missionaries said that they knew nearly nothing of them and their feelings. This wretched criminal and his possible association with a brutal murder is a most pitious object on deck, and comes between me and the enjoyment of this entrancing evening.

Hotel de l'Europe, Pinang,
February 9th.

In the evening we reached the Dindings, a lovely group of small islands ceded to England by the Pangkor treaty, and just now in the height of an unenviable notoriety. The sun was low and the great heat past, the breeze had died away, and in the dewy stillness the largest of the islands looked unspeakably lovely as it lay in the golden light between us and the sun, forest-covered to its steep summit, its rocky promontories running out into calm, deep, green water, and forming almost land-locked bays, margined by shores of white coral sand, backed by dense groves of coco-palms, whose curving shadows lay dark upon the glossy sea. Here and there a Malay house in the shade indicated man and his doings, but it was all silent.

On a high, steep point there is a small clearing, on which stands a mat bungalow, with an attap roof, and below this there is a mat police-station, but it was all desolate, nothing stirred; and though we had intended to spend the early hours of the night at the Dindings, we only lay a short time in the deep shadow upon the clear, green water, watching scarlet fish playing in the coral forests, and the exquisite beauty of the island with its dense foliage in dark relief against the cool lemon sky. Peace brooded over the quiet shores, heavy aromatic odors of night-blooming plants wrapped us round, the sun sank suddenly, the air became cool, it was a dream of tropic beauty.

"*Chalakar! Bondo!*" Those jarring sounds seemed to have something linking them with the tragedy of which the peaceful looking bungalow was lately the scene, and of which you have doubtless read.

A Chinese gang swooped down upon the house from behind, beating gongs and shouting. Captain Lloyd got up to see what was the matter, and was felled by a hatchet, calling out to his wife for his revolver. This had been abstracted, and the locks had been taken off his fowling-pieces. The ayah fled to the jungle in the confusion, taking with her the three children, the youngest only four weeks old. The wretches then fractured Mrs. Lloyd's skull with the hatchet, and having stunned Mrs. Innes, who was visiting her, they pushed the senseless bodies under the bed, and were preparing to set fire to it when something made them depart.

No more is likely to be known. The police must either have been cowardly or treacherous. The *pyah pekhet* called the next day and brought the frightfully mangled corpse, Mrs. Lloyd, whose reason was overturned, and Mrs. Innes on her. It is supposed that the Chinese secret societies have frustrated justice. A wretch is to be hanged here for the crime on his own confession, but it is believed that he was doomed to sacrifice himself by one of these societies in order to screen the real murderers. The contrast was awful between the island, looking so lovely in the evening light, and this horrid deed which has desolated it.

The mainland approaches close to the Dindings, but the mangrove swamps of Sélángor had given place to lofty ranges, forest-covered, and a white coral strand fringed with palms. It was a lovely night: the north-east monsoon was fresh and steady, and the stars were glorious. It was very hot below, but when I went up on deck it was cool, and in the colored dawn we were just running up to the island group of which Pinang is the chief, and reached the channel which divides it from Leper Island just at sunrise. All these islands are densely wooded, and have rocky shores. The high mountains of the native State of Kédah close the view to the north, and on the other side of a very narrow chain are the palm-groves and sugar plantations of Province Wellesley. The Leper Island looked beautiful in the dewy morning, with its stilted houses under the coco palms, and the Island of Penang, with its lofty peak, dense woods, and shores fringed with palms sheltering Malay kampongs each with its prahu drawn up on the beach, looked impressive enough.

The fierce glory of a tropic sunrise is ever a new delight. It is always the sun

of the 19th Psalm, with the prevailing yellow color of the eastern sky intensifying in one spot, the cool, lingering freshness, the deepening of the yellow east into a brilliant rose-color, till suddenly, "like a glory, the broad sun" wheels above the horizon, the dew-bathed earth rejoices, the air is flooded with vitality, all things which rejoice in light and heat come forth, night birds and night prowlers retire, and we pale people hastily put up our umbrellas to avoid being shrivelled in less than ten minutes from the first appearance of the sun.

Pinang (from the *pinang*, or areca-palm) is the proper name of the island, but out of compliment to George IV. it was called Prince of Wales Island. Georgetown is the name of the capital, but by an odd freak we call the town Penang, and spell it with an *e* instead of an *i*.

There were a great many ships and junks at anchor, and the huge P. and O. steamer "Peking," and there was a state of universal hurry and excitement, for a large number of the officials of the colonial government and of the "protected" States are here to meet Sir W. Robinson, the governor, who is on his way home on leave. There are little studies of human nature going on all round. Most people have "axes to grind." There are people pushing rival claims, some wanting promotion, others leave, some frank and above-board in their ways, others descending to mean acts to gain favor, or undermining the good reputation of others, everybody wanting something—and usually, as it seems, at the expense of somebody else!

Mr. Douglas, who had got up his men in most imposing costume, anchored the "Abdulsamat" close to the "Peking," and at once went on board, with the kris with the gold hilt and scabbard presented by the sultan of Sélángor. In the mean time the governor sent for me to breakfast on board, and I was obliged to go among clean, trim people without having time to change my travelling dress. I was so glad that I have no claims of my own to push when I saw the many perturbed and anxious faces. I sat next Sir William Robinson at breakfast, and found him most kind and courteous, and he interested himself in my impressions of the native States. No one could make out the flags on the Sélángor yacht, four squares placed diagonally, two yellow and two red, in one of the red ones a star and crescent in yellow, and on the mizzenmast the same flag with a blue ensign as one of

the squares! I wonder if the *faindant* sultan who luxuriates at Langat knows anything of the sensationalism of his "yacht."

Mr. Douglas took me back to the launch in fierce, blazing heat, which smote me just as I put down my umbrella in order to climb up her side, and caused me to fall forward with a sort of vertigo and an icy chill, but as soon as I arrived here I poured deluges of cold water on my head, and lay down with an iced bandage on, and am now much better. In nine months of tropical travelling, and exposure on horseback, without an umbrella, to the full force of the sun, I have never been affected before. I wear a white straw hat with the sides and low crown thickly wadded. I also have a strip four inches broad of three thicknesses of wadding, sewn into the middle of the back of my jacket, and usually wear in addition a coarse towel wrung out in water, folded on the top of my head, and hanging down the back of my neck.

This evening the moonlight from the window was entrancingly beautiful, the shadows of promontory behind promontory lying blackly in the silver water amidst the scents and silences of the purple night.

As one lands at Pinang one is impressed even before one reaches the shore by the blaze of color in the costumes of the crowds which throng the jetty. There are over fifteen thousand Klings, Chuliah, and other natives of India, on the island, and with their handsome but not very intellectual faces, their Turkey-red turbans and loin-cloths, or the soft, white muslins in which both men and women drape themselves, each one might be an artist's model. The Kling women here are beautiful and exquisitely draped, but the form of the cartilages of the nose and ears is destroyed by heavy rings. There are many Arabs, too, who are wealthy merchants and bankers. One of them, Nouredin, is the millionaire of Pinang, and is said to own landed property here to the extent of £400,000. There are more than twenty-one thousand Malays on the island, and though their kampongs are mostly scattered among the palm groves, their red sarongs and white bajes are seen in numbers in the streets, but I have not seen one Malay woman. There are about six hundred and twelve Europeans in the town and on the island, but they make little show, though their large massive bungalows, under the shade

of great bread-fruit and tamarind trees, give one the idea of wealth and solidity.

There is one street, Chuliah Street, entirely composed of Chuliah and Kling bazaars. Each sidewalk is a rude arcade, entered by passing through heavy curtains, when you find yourself in a narrow, crowded passage, with deep or shallow recesses on one side, in which the handsome, brightly dressed Klings sit on the floor, surrounded by their bright-hued goods; and over one's head and all down the narrow, thronged passage, noisy with business, are hung Malay bandanas, red turban cloths, red sarongs in silk and cotton, and white and gold sprinkled muslins, the whole length of the very long bazaar blazing with color, and picturesque beyond description with beautiful costume. The Klings are much pleasanter to buy from than the Chinese. In addition to all the brilliant things which are sold for native wear, they keep large stocks of English and German prints, which they sell for rather less than the price asked for them at home, and for less than half what the same goods are sold for at the English shops.

I am writing as if the Klings were predominant, but they are so only in good looks and bright colors. Here again the Chinese, who number forty-five thousand souls, are becoming commercially the most important of the immigrant races, as they have long been numerically and industrially. In Georgetown, besides selling their own and all sorts of foreign goods at reasonable rates in small shops, they have large mercantile houses, and, as elsewhere, are gradually gaining a considerable control over the trade of the place. They also occupy positions of trust in foreign houses, and if there were a strike among them all business, not excepting that of the Post Office, would come to a standstill. I went into the Mercantile Bank and found only Chinese clerks, into the Post Office and only saw the same, and when I went to the P. and O. office to take my berth for Ceylon, it was still a Chinaman, imperturbable, taciturn, independent, and irreproachably clean, with whom I had to deal in "pidgun English." They are everywhere the same, keen, quick-witted for chances, markedly self-interested, purpose-like, thrifty, frugal, on the whole regarding honesty as the best policy, independent in manner as in character, and without a trace of "Oriental servility."

Georgetown, February 11th.

I have not seen very much in my two days — indeed, I doubt whether there is much to see in my line, at least, nor has the island any interesting associations as Malacca has, or any mystery of unexplored jungle, as in Sungei Ujong and Sélangor. Pinang came into our possession in 1786, through the enterprise of Mr. Light, a merchant captain, who had acquired much useful local knowledge by trading to Kédah and other Malay States. The Indian government desired a commercial “emporium” and a naval station in the far East, and Mr. Light recommended this island, then completely covered with forest, and only inhabited by two migratory families of Malay fishermen, whose huts were on the beach where this town now stands. In spite of romantic stories of another kind — to which even a recent encyclopædia gives currency — it seems that the rajah of Kédah, to whom the island belonged, did not bestow it on Mr. Light, but sold it to the British government for a stipulated payment of £2,000 a year, which his successor receives at this day.

It is a little over thirteen miles long, and from five to ten broad. It is a little smaller than the Isle of Wight, its area being one hundred and seven square miles.

The roads are excellent. After one has got inside of the broad belt of coco and areca palms which runs along the coast, one comes upon beautiful and fertile country, partly level and partly rolling, with rocks of granite and mica-schist, and soil of a shallow but rich vegetable mould, with abundance of streams and little cascades, dotted all over with villas (very many of them Chinese) and gardens, and planted with rice, pepper, and fruits, while cloves and nutmegs, which last have been long a failure, grow on the higher lands. The centre of Pinang is wooded and not much cultivated, but on the south and south-west coasts there are fine sugar, coffee, and pepper plantations. The coffee looks very healthy. From the ridges in the centre of the island the ground rises towards the north till at the Peak it reaches the height of two thousand nine hundred and twenty-two feet. There is a sanitarium there with a glorious view, and a delicious temperature ranging from 60° to 75°, while in the town and on the low lands it ranges from 80° to 90°. A sea breeze blows every day, and rain falls throughout the year, except in January

and February. The vegetation is profuse, but less beautiful and tropical than on the mainland, and I have seen very few flowers except in gardens.

The products are manifold — guavas, mangoes, lemons, oranges, bananas, plantains, shaddocks, bread-fruit, etc.; and sugar, rice, sweet potatoes, ginger, areca and coconuts, coffee, cloves, some nutmegs, and black and white pepper. My gharrie-driver took me to see a Chinese pepper plantation, to me the most interesting thing that I saw on a very long and hot drive. Pepper is a very profitable crop. The vine begins to bear in three or four years after the cuttings have been planted, and yields two crops annually for about thirteen years. It is an East Indian plant, rather pretty, but of rambling and untidy growth, a climber, with smooth, soft stems, ten or twelve feet long, and tough, broadly ovate leaves. It is supported much as hops are. When the berries on a spike begin to turn red they are gathered, as they lose pungency if they are allowed to ripen. They are placed on mats, and are either trodden with the feet or rubbed by the hands to separate them from the spike, after which they are cleaned by winnowing. Black pepper consists of such berries wrinkled and blackened in the process of drying, and white pepper of similar berries freed from the skin and the fleshy part of the fruit by being soaked in water and then rubbed. Some planters bleach with chlorine to improve the appearance, but this process, as may be supposed, does not improve the flavor.

In these climates the natives use enormous quantities of pepper, as they do of all hot condiments, and the Europeans imitate them.

Although there are so many plantations, a great part of Pinang is uncleared, and from the Peak most of it looks like a forest. It contains ninety thousand inhabitants, the Chinese more than equalling all the other nationalities put together. Its trade, which in 1860 was valued at £3,500,000, is now (1883) close upon £8,000,000, Pinang being, like Singapore, a great *entrepôt* and “distributing point.”

SS. Malwa, February 25th.

A few hours ago, in glorious sunshine, we left Pinang, and have exchanged the still waters of the Malacca Straits for the indolent roll of the Bay of Bengal. The Kédah hills lie like a haze on the reddened sky.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER VII.

WALTER arrived in Edinburgh on a wintry morning white and chill. A sort of woolly shroud wrapped all the fine features of the landscape. He thought the dingy turrets of the Calton Jail were the Castle, and was much disappointed, as was natural. Arthur's Seat and the Craggs were as entirely invisible as if they had been a hundred miles away, and the cold crept into his very bones after his night's journey, although it had been made luxuriously, in a way very different from his former journeyings. Also it struck him as strange and uncomfortable that nobody was aware of the change in his position, and that even the railway porter, to whom he gave a shilling (as a commoner he would have been contented with sixpence), only called him "sir," and could not perceive that it would have been appropriate to say my lord. He went to an hotel, as it was so early, and found only a dingy little room to repose himself in, the more important part of the house being still in the hands of the housemaids. And when he gave him name as Lord Erradeen, the attendants stared at him with a sort of suspicion. They looked at his baggage curiously, and evidently asked each other if it was possible he could be what he claimed to be. Walter had a half consciousness of being an impostor, and trying to take these surprised people in. He thawed, however, as he ate his breakfast, and the mist began to rise, revealing the outline of the old town. He had never been in Edinburgh before; he had rarely been anywhere before. It was all new to him, even the sense of living in an inn. There was a curious freedom about it, and independence of all restraint which pleased him. But it was very strange to be absolutely unknown, to meet the gaze of faces he had never seen before, and to be obliged always to explain who he was. It was clear that a servant was a thing quite necessary to a man who called himself by a title, a servant not so much to attend upon him as to answer for him, and be a sort of guarantee to the world. Now that he was here in Edinburgh, he was not quite sure what to do with himself. It was too early to do anything. He could not disturb old Milnathort at such an hour. He must let the old man get to his office, and read his letters before he could descend upon him. So that on the whole Walter, though sustained by

the excitement of his new position, was altogether chilled and not at all comfortable, feeling those early hours of grim daylight hang very heavily on his hands. He went out after he had refreshed and dressed — and strolled about the fine but foreign street. It looked quite foreign to his inexperienced eyes. The Castle soared vaguely through the grey mist; the irregular line of roofs and spires crowning the ridge threw itself up vaguely against a darker grey behind. There was a river of mist between him and that ridge, running deep in the hollow, underneath the nearer bank which was tufted with spectral bushes and trees, and with still more spectral white statues glimmering through. On the other side of the street, more cheerful and apparent, were the jewellers' shops full of glistening pebbles and national ornaments. Everybody knows that it is not these shops alone, but others of every luxurious kind that form the glory of Prince's Street. But Walter was a stranger and foreigner; and in the morning mists the shining store of cairngorms was the most cheerful sight that met his eye.

Mr. Milnathort's office was in a handsome square, with a garden in the centre of it, and another statue holding possession of the garden. For the first time since he left home, Walter felt a little thrill of his new importance when he perceived the respectful curiosity produced among the clerks by the statement of his name. They asked his lordship to step in with an evident sensation. And for Walter himself to look into that office where his mother had so strongly desired that he should find a place, had the most curious effect. He felt for the moment as if he were one of the serious young men peeping from beyond the wooden railing that inclosed the office, at the fortunate youth whose circumstances were so different from their own. He did not realize at that moment the unfailing human complacency which would have come to his aid in such circumstances, and persuaded him that the gifts of fortune had nothing to do with real superiority. He thought of the possible reflections upon himself of the other young fellows in their lowly estate as if he had himself been making them. He was sorry for them all, for the contrast they must draw, and the strange sense of human inequality that they must feel. He was no better than they were — who could tell? perhaps not half as good. He felt that to feel this was a due tribute from Lord Erra-

deen in his good fortune to those who might have been Walter Methven's fellow-clerks, but who had never had any chance of being Lord Erradeen. And then he thought what a good thing it was that he had never written that letter to Mr. Milnathort, offering himself for a desk in the office. He had felt really guilty on the subject at the time. He had felt that it was miserable of him to neglect the occasion thus put before him of gaining a livelihood. Self-reproach, real and unmistakable, had been in his mind; and yet what a good thing he had not done it: and how little one knows what is going to happen! These were very ordinary reflections, not showing much depth; but it must be recollected that Walter was still in a sort of primary state of feeling, and had not had time to reach a profounder level.

Mr. Milnathort made haste to receive him, coming out of his own room on purpose, and giving him the warmest welcome.

"I might have thought you would come by the night train. You are not old enough to dislike night travelling as I do; but I will take it ill, and so will my sister, if you stay in an hotel, and your room ready for you in our little place. I think you will be more comfortable with us, though we have no grandeur to surround you with. My sister has a great wish to make your acquaintance, my Lord Erradeen. She has just a wonderful acquaintance with the family, and it was more through her than any one that I knew just where to put my hand upon you, when the time came."

"I did not like to disturb you so early," Walter said.

"Well, perhaps there is something in that. We are not very early birds: and as a matter of fact, Alison did not expect you till about seven o'clock at night. And here am I in the midst of my day's work. But I'll tell you what I'll do for you. We'll go round to the club, and there your young lordship will make acquaintance with somebody that can show you something of Edinburgh. You have never been here before? It is a great pity that there's an easterly haar, which is bad both for you and the objects you are wanting to see. However, it is lifting, and we'll get some luncheon, and then I will put you in the way. That is the best thing I can do for you. Malcolm, you will send down all the documents relative to his lordship's affairs to Moray Place, this afternoon; and you can tell old Syming-

ton to be in attendance in case Lord Erradeen should wish to see him. That is your cousin, the late lord's body-servant. He is a man of great experience, and you might wish—but all that can be settled later on. If Drysdale should send over about that case of theirs, ye will say, Malcolm, that I shall be here not later than three in the afternoon; and if old Blairallan comes fyking, ye can say I am giving the case my best attention; and if it's that big north-country fellow about his manse and his augmentation——"

"I fear that I am unpardonable," said Walter, "in interfering with your valuable time."

"Nothing of the sort. It is not every day that a Lord Erradeen comes into his inheritance; and as there are, maybe, things not over cheerful to tell you at night, we may as well make the best of it in the morning," said the old lawyer. He got himself into his coat as he spoke, slowly, not without an effort. The sun was struggling through the mist as they went out again into the streets, and the mid-day gun from the Castle helped for a moment to disperse the haar, and show the noble cliff on which it rears its head aloft. Mr. Milnathort paused to look with tender pride along the line—the houses and spires lifting out of the clouds, the sunshine breaking through the crown of St. Giles's hovering like a visible sign of rank over the head of the throned city, awakened in him that keen pleasure and elation in the beauty of his native place which is nowhere more warmly felt than in Edinburgh. He waved his hand towards the Old Town in triumph. "You may have seen a great deal, but ye will never have seen anything finer than that," he said.

"I have seen very little," said Walter; "but everybody has heard of Edinburgh, so that it does not take one by surprise."

"Ah, that is very wisely said. If it took you by surprise, and you had never heard of it before, the world would just go daft over it. However, it is a drawback of a great reputation that ye never come near it with your mind clear." Having said this the old gentleman dismissed the subject with a wave of his hand, and said in a different tone, "You will be very curious about the family secrets you are coming into, Lord Erradeen."

Walter laughed.

"I am coming to them with my mind clear," he said. "I know nothing about them. But I don't believe much in family secrets. They belong to the Middle

Ages. Nowadays we have nothing to conceal."

Mr. Milnathort listened to this blasphemy with a countenance in which displeasure struggled with that supreme sense that the rash young man would soon know better, which disarms reproof. He shook his head.

"You may say we can conceal but little," he said, "which is true enough, but not altogether true either. Courage is a fine thing, Lord Erradeen, and I am always glad to see it; and if you have your imagination under control, that will do ye still better service. In most cases it is not only what we see, but what we think we are going to see, that daunts us. Keep you your head cool, that is your best defence in all emergencies. It is better to be too bold than not to be bold enough, notwithstanding the poet's warning to yon warrior-maid of his."

These last words made Walter stare, for he was not very learned in poetry at the best, and was totally unprepared to hear Spenser from the lips of the old Scottish lawyer. He was silent for a little in mere perplexity, and then he said with a laugh,—

"You speak of danger as if we were on the eve of a battle. Are there giants to encounter or magicians? One would think we were living in the dark ages," Walter cried with a little impatience.

Mr. Milnathort said nothing more. He led the young man into one of the great stone palaces which form the line of Prince's Street, and which was then a seat of the old original club of Edinburgh society. Here Walter found himself in the midst of a collection of men with marked and individual faces, each one of whom ought to be somebody, he thought. Many of them were bound about the throat with white ties, like clergymen, but they did not belong to that profession. It gave the young man a sense of his own importance, which generally deserted him in Mr. Milnathort's presence, and of which he felt himself to stand in need, to perceive that he excited a great deal of interest among these grave and potent signors. There was a certain desire visible to make his acquaintance and to ascertain his political opinions, of which Walter was scarcely aware as yet whether he had any. It was suggested at once that he should be put up for the club, and invitations to dinner began to be showered upon him. He was stopped short in his replies to those cordial beginnings of acquaintance by Mr. Milnathort, who calmly assumed

the guidance of his movements. "Lord Erradeen," he said, "is on his way west. Business will not permit him to tarry at this moment. We hope he will be back ere long, and perhaps stay a while in Edinburgh, and see what is to be seen in the way of society." This summary way of taking all control of his own movements from him astounded Walter so much that he merely stared at his old tyrant or vizier, and in his confusion of surprise and anger did not feel capable of saying anything, which, after all, was the most dignified way; for, he said to himself, it was not necessary to yield implicit obedience even if he refrained from open protest upon these encroachments on his liberty. In the mean time it was evident that the old lawyer did not intend him to have any liberty at all. He produced out of the recesses of the club library a beaming little man in spectacles, to whom he committed the charge of the young stranger.

"Mr. Bannatyne," he said, "knows Edinburgh as well as I know my chambers, and he will just take you round what is most worth seeing."

When Walter attempted to escape with a civil regret to give his new acquaintance trouble he was put down by both with eagerness.

"The Old Town is just the breath of my nostrils," said the little antiquary.

"It cannot be said that it's a fragrant breath," said old Milnathort; "but since that is so, Lord Erradeen, you would not deprive our friend of such a pleasure: and we'll look for you by five or six at Moray Place, or earlier if you weary, for it's soon dark at this time of the year."

To find himself thus arrested in the first day of his emancipation and put into the hands of a conductor was so annoying yet so comic that Walter's resentment evaporated in the ludicrous nature of the situation and his consciousness that otherwise he would not know what to do with himself. But sight-seeing requires a warmer inspiration than this, and even the amusement of beholding his companion's enthusiasm over all the dark entries and worn-out inscriptions was not enough to keep Walter's interest alive. His own life at this moment was so much more interesting than anything else, so much more important than those relics of a past which had gone away altogether out of mortal ken. When the blood is at high pressure in our veins, and the future lying all before us, it is very difficult to turn back, and force our eager eyes into con-

temptation of scenes with which we ourselves have little or no connection. The antiquary, however, was not to be balked. He looked at his young companion with his head on one side like a critical bird. "You are paying no attention to me," he said half pathetically; "but 'cod, man (I beg your pardon, my lord!), ye *shall* be interested before I'm done." With this threat he hurried Walter along to the noisiest and most squalid part of that noble but miserable street which is the pride of Edinburgh, and stopped short before a small but deep doorway, entering from a short flight of outside stairs. The door was black with age and neglect, and showed a sort of black cave within, out of which all kind of dingy figures were fluttering. The aspect of the muddy stairs and ragged wayfarers was miserable enough, but the mouldings of the lintel, and the spiral staircase half visible at one side, were of a grim antiquity, and so was the lofty tenement above, with its many rows of windows and high-stepped gable.

"Now just look here," said Mr. Bannatyne, "these arms will tell their own story."

There was a projecting boss of rude, half-obliterated carving on the door.

"I cannot make head nor tail of it," said the young man; his patience was beginning to give way.

"Lord Erradeen," cried the other with enthusiasm, "this is worth your fattest farm; it is of more interest than half your inheritance; it is as historical as Holyrood. You are just awfully insensible, you young men, and think as little of the relics that gave you your consequences in the world——" He paused a little in the fervor of his indignation, then added, "But there are allowances to be made for you as you were bred in England, and perhaps are little acquainted. My lord, this is Me'veen's Close, bearing the name even now in its decay. It was my Lord Methven's lodging in the old time. Bless me! can your young eyes not read the motto that many people have found so significant? Look here," cried Walter's cicerone, tracing with his stick the half-effaced letters, "Baithe Sune and Syne."

Young Lord Erradeen began, as was natural, to feel ashamed of himself. He felt a pang of discomfort too, for this certainly bore no resemblance to the trim piece of modern Latin about the conquering power of virtue which was on his father's seal. The old possibility that he might turn out an impostor after all

gleamed across his mind. "Does this belong to me?" he added with some eagerness, to veil these other and less easy sentiments.

"I know nothing about that," said Mr. Bannatyne with a slight tone of contempt. "But it was the Lord of Methven's lodging in the days when Scots lords lived in the Canongate of Edinburgh." Then he added, "There is a fine mantelpiece up stairs which you had better see. Oh, nobody will have any objection, a silver key opens every door hereabout. If it should happen to be yours, my lord, and I were you," said the eager little man, "I would clear out the whole clanjamfry and have it thoroughly cleaned, and make a museum of the place. You would pick up many a curious bit as the auld houses go down. This way, to the right, and mind the hole in the wall. The doors are all carved, if you can see them for the dirt, and you'll not often see a handsomer room."

It was confusing at first to emerge out of the gloom of the stairs into the light of the great room, with its row of windows guiltless of either blind or curtain, which was in possession of a group of ragged children, squatting about in front of the deep, old-fashioned chimney, over which a series of elaborate carvings rose to the roof. The room had once been panelled, but half of the woodwork had been dragged down, and the rest was in a deplorable state. The contrast of the squalor and wretchedness about him, with the framework of the ancient, half-ruined grandeur, at once excited and distressed Walter. There was a bed, or rather a heap of something covered with the bright patches of an old quilt, in one corner, in another an old corner cupboard fixed into the wall, a rickety table and two chairs in the middle of the room. The solemn, unsheltered windows, like so many hollow, staring eyes, gazed out through the cold veil of the mist upon the many windows of an equally tall house on the other side of the street, the view being broken by a projecting pole thrust forth from the middle one, upon which some dingy clothes were hanging to dry. The children hung together, getting behind the biggest of them, a ragged, handsome girl, with wild, elf locks, who confronted the visitors with an air of defiance. The flooring was broken in many places, and dirty beyond description. Walter felt it intolerable to be here, to breathe the stifling atmosphere, to contemplate this hideous form of decay. He thought some one was

looking at him from behind the torn panels. "This is horrible," he said. "I hope I have nothing to do with it." Disgust and a shivering, visionary dread was in his voice.

"Your race has had plenty to do with it," said the antiquary. "It was here, they say, that the warlock lord played most of his pliskies. It was his 'warm study of deals' like that they made for John Knox on the other side of the street. These walls have seen strange sights: and if you believe in witchcraft, as one of your name ought —"

"Why should one of my name believe in witchcraft? It appears," he said, with petulance, "that I know very little about my name."

"So I should have said," said the antiquary dryly. "But no doubt you have heard of your great ancestor, the warlock lord? I am not saying that I admire the character in the abstract; but an ancestor like that is fine for a family. He was mixed up in all the doings of the time, and he made his own out of every one of them. And then he's a grand historical problem to the present day, which is no small distinction. You never heard of that? Oh, my lord, that's just not possible! He was the one whose death was never proved nor nothing about him, where he was buried, or the nature of his end, or if he ever came to an end at all; his son would never take the title, and forbade *his* son to do it: but by the time you have got to the second generation you are not minding so much. I noticed that the late lord would never enter into conversation on the subject. The family has always been touchy about it. It was the most complete disappearance I can recollect hearing of. Most historical puzzles clear themselves up in time: but this never was cleared up. Of course it has given rise to legends. You will perhaps be more interested in the family legends, Lord Erradeen?"

"Not at all," said Walter abruptly. "I have told you I know very little about the family. What is it we came to see? — not this wretched place which makes me sick. The past should carry off its shell with it, and not leave those old clothes to rot here."

"Oh!" cried little Mr. Bannatyne, with a shudder. "I never suspected I was bringing in an iconoclast. That mantlepiece is a grand work of art, Lord Erradeen. Look at that serpent twisted about among the drapery — you'll not see such work now; and the ermine on that mantle

just stands out in every hair, for all the grime and the smoke. It is the legend beneath the shield that is most interesting in the point of view of the family. It's a sort of rhyming slogan, or rather it's an addition to the old slogan, 'Live, Me'even,' which everybody knows."

Walter felt a mingled attraction and repulsion which held him there undecided in front of the great old fireplace, like Hercules or any other hero between the symbolical good and evil. He had a great curiosity to know what all this meant, mingled with an angry disinclination impossible to put into words. Mr. Bannatine, who of course knew nothing of what was going on in his mind, took upon himself the congenial task of tracing the inscription out. It was doggerel, bad enough to satisfy every aspiration of an antiquary. It was as follows: —

Né fleyt atte Helle, né fond for Heeven,
Live, Me'even.

"You will see how it fits in with the other motto," cried the enthusiast, "'Baithe Sune and Syne,' which has a grand kind of indifference to time and all its changes that just delights me. And the other has the same sentiment, 'Neither frightened for hell nor keen about heaven.' It is the height of impiety," he said, with a subdued chuckle; "but that's not inappropriate — it's far from inappropriate; it is just in fact, what might have been expected. The warlock lord —"

"I hope you won't think me ungrateful," cried Walter, "but I don't think I want to know any more about that old ruffian. There is something in the place that oppresses me." He took out from his pocket a handful of coins. (It was with the pleasure of novelty that he shook them together, gold and silver in one shining heap, and threw half a dozen of them to the little group before the fire.) "For Heaven's sake let us get out of this!" he said nervously. He could not have explained the sentiment of horror, almost of fear, that was in his mind. "If it is mine," he said, as they went down the spiral stair, groping against the black, humid wall, "I shall pull it down and let in some air and clear the filth away."

"God bless me!" cried the antiquary in horror and distress, "you will never do that. The finest street in Christendom, and one of the best houses! No, no, Lord Erradeen, you will never do that!"

When Mr. Bannatyne got back to the club, he expressed an opinion of Lord Erradeen, which we are glad to believe

further experience induced him to modify. He declared that old Bob Milnathort had given him such a handful as he had not undertaken for years. "Just a young Cockney!" he said, "a stupid Englishman! with no more understanding of history, or even of the share his own race has had in it than that collie dog — indeed, Yarrow is far more intelligent, and a brute that is conscious of a fine descent. I am not saying that there are not fine lads among some of those English-bred young men, and some that have the sense to like old-fashioned things. But this young fellow is just a Cockney, he is just a young cynic. Pull down the house, said he! Spoil the first street in Europe! We'll see what the Town Council — not to say the Woods and Forests — will say to that, my young man! And I hope I have Bailie Brown under my thumb!" the enraged antiquary cried.

Meantime Walter made his way through the dark streets in a tremor of excitement and dislike of which he could give no explanation to himself. Why should the old house have affected him so strongly? There was no reason for it that he knew. Perhaps there was something in the suddenness of the transition from the comfortable English prose of Sloebury to all these old-world scenes and suggestions which had a disenchanting effect upon him. He had not been aware that he was more matter of fact than another, less likely to be affected by romance and historical associations. But so it had turned out. The grimy squalor of the place, the bad atmosphere, the odious associations, had either destroyed for him all the more attractive prejudices of long family descent, and a name which had descended through many generations — or else, something more subtle still, some internal influence had communicated that loathing and sickness of the heart. Which was it? He could not tell. He said to himself, with a sort of scorn at himself, that probably the bourgeois atmosphere of Sloebury had made him incapable of those imaginative flights for which the highest and the lowest classes have a mutual aptitude. The atmosphere of comfort and respectability was against it. This idea rather exasperated him, and he dwelt upon it with a natural perversity because he hated to identify himself as one of that stolid middle class which is above or beneath fanciful impulses. Then he began to wonder whether all this might not be part of a deep-laid scheme on the part of old Milnathort to get him, Walter, under

his power. No doubt it was arranged that he should be brought to that intolerable place, and all the spells of the past called forth to subdue him by his imagination if never through his intellect. What did they take him for? He was no credulous Celt, but a sober-minded Englishman, not likely to let his imagination run away with him, or to be led by the nose by any *diablerie*, however skilful. They might make up their minds to it, that their wiles of this kind would meet with no success. Walter was by no means sure who he meant by *they*, or why they should endeavor to get him into their power; but he wanted something to find fault with — some way of shaking off the burden of a mental weight which he did not understand, which filled him with discomfort and new sensations which he could not explain. He could almost have supposed (had he believed in mesmerism, according to the description given of it in fiction) that he was under some mesmeric influence, and that some expert, some adept, was trying to decoy him within some fatal circle of impression. But he set his teeth and all his power of resistance against it. They should not find him an easy prey.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE drawing-room in Moray Place seemed in the partial gloom very large and lofty. It must be remembered that Walter was accustomed only to the comparatively small rooms of an English country town where there was nobody who was very rich — and the solid, tall Edinburgh houses were imposing to him. There was no light but that which came from a blazing fire, and which threw an irregular ruddy illumination upon everything, but no distinct vision. He saw the tall windows indefinitely draped, and looking not unlike three colossal women in abundant vague robes standing against the wall. In a smaller room behind, which opened from this, the firelight was still brighter, but still only partially lit up the darkness. It showed, however, a table placed near the fire, and glowing with bright reflections from its silver and china; and just beyond that, out of the depths of what looked like an elongated easy chair, a piece of whiteness, which was a female countenance. Walter, confused at his entrance, made out after a moment that it was a lady, half reclining on a sort of invalid *chaise longue*, who raised herself slightly to receive him, with a flicker of a pair of white, attenuated

hands. "You are very welcome, Lord Erradeen," she said, in a sweet, feeble voice. "Will you excuse my rising — for I'm a great invalid — and come and sit down here beside me? I have been looking for you this half-hour past." The hand which she held out to him was so thin that he scarcely felt its light pressure. "If you have no objection," said Miss Milnathort, "we will do with the firelight for a little longer. It is my favorite light. My brother sent me word I was to expect you, and after your cold walk you will be glad of a cup of tea." She did not pause for any reply, but went on, drawing the table towards her, and arranging everything with the skill of an accustomed hand. "I am just a cripple creature," she said. "I have had to learn to serve myself in this way, and Robert is extraordinarily thoughtful. There is not a mechanical convenience invented but I have it before it is well out of the brain that devised it; and that is how I get on so well with no backbone to speak of. All this is quite new to you," she said, quickly shaking off one subject and taking up another, with a little swift movement of her head.

"Do you mean — Edinburgh, or —"

"I mean everything," said the lady. "Edinburgh will be just a bit of scenery in the drama that is opening upon you, and here am I just another tableau. I can see it all myself with your young eyes. You can scarcely tell if it is real."

"That is true enough," said Walter, "and the scenery all turns upon the plot so far: which is what it does not always do upon the stage."

"Ay!" said Miss Milnathort, with a tone of surprise, "and how may that be? I don't see any particular significance in Holyrood. It is where all you English strangers go, as if Edinburgh had no meaning but Queen Mary."

"We did not go to Holyrood. We went to Lord Methven's Lodging, as I hear it is called: which was highly appropriate."

"Dear me," said the lady, "do you mean to tell me that John Bannatyne had that sense in him? I will remember that the next time Robert calls him an auld foozle. And so you saw the lodging of Methven? I have never seen it myself. Did it not make your heart sick to see all the poverty and misery in that awful street? Oh, yes, I'm told it's a grand street: but I never have the heart to go into it. I think the place should die with the age that gave it birth."

This was a sentiment so entirely unlike what Walter had expected to hear, that for the moment it took from him all power of reply. "That would be hard upon antiquity," he said at length, "and I don't know what the artists would say, or our friend Mr. Bannatyne."

"He would have me burnt for a witch," the invalid said, with a sweet little laugh; and then she added, "Ah, it is very well to talk about art; but there was great sense in that saying of the old Reformers, 'Ding down the nest, and the crows will flee away.'"

"I expected," said Walter, "to find you full of reverence for the past, and faith in mysteries and family secrets, and — how can I tell? — ghosts perhaps." He laughed, but the invalid did not echo his laugh. And this brought a little chill and check to his satisfaction. The sense that one has suddenly struck a jarring note is highly uncomfortable when one is young. Walter put back his chair a little, not reflecting that the firelight revealed very little of his sudden blush.

"I have had no experience in what you call ghosts," she said gravely. "I cannot, to tell the truth, see any argument against them, except just that we don't see them; and I think that's a pity for my part."

To this, as it was a view of the subject equally new to him, Walter made no reply.

"Take you care, Lord Erradeen," she resumed hastily, "not to let yourself be persuaded to adopt that sort of nomenclature." There was a touch of Scotch in her accent that naturalized the long word, and made it quite in keeping. "Conclude nothing to be a ghost till you cannot account for it in any other way. There are many things that are far more surprising," she said; then, shaking off the subject once more with that little movement of her head, "You are not taking your tea. You must have had a tiring day after travelling all night. That is one of the modern fashions I cannot make up my mind to. They tell me the railway is not so wearying as the long coach journeys we used to make in the old time."

"But you — can scarcely remember the old coach journeys? Why, my mother —"

"Very likely I am older than your mother; and I rarely budge out of this corner. I have never seen your mother, but I remember Captain Methven long, long ago, who was not unlike the general outline of you, so far as I can make out. When the light comes you will see I am an old woman. It is just possible that

this is why I am so fond of the firelight," she said with a laugh; "for I'm really very young though I was born long ago. Robert and me, we remember all our games and plays in a way that people that have had children of their own never do. We are just boy and girl still, and I've known us after a long talk, forget ourselves altogether, and talk of papa and mamma!" She clapped her hands together at this, and went into a peal of genuine laughter, such as is always infectious. Walter laughed too, but in a half-embarrassed, half-unreal way. All was so strange to him, and this curious introduction into a half-seen, uncomprehended world the most curious of all.

"I would like to know a little about yourself," she resumed, after a moment. "You were not in the secret that it was you who were the kin? It was strange your father should have left you in the dark."

"I can't remember my father," said Walter hastily.

"That makes little difference; but you were always a strange family. Now you, Robert tells me, you're not so very much of an Erradeen—you take after your mother's side. And I'm very, very glad to hear it. It will perhaps be you, if you have the courage, that will put a stop to—many things. There are old rhymes upon that subject, but you will put little faith in old rhymes; I none at all. I believe they are just made up long after the occasion, just for the sake of the fun, or perhaps because some one is pleased with himself to have found a rhyme. Now that one that they tell me is in the Canon-gate—that about 'Live, Me'even——'"

"I thought you said you didn't know it?"

"I have never seen it; but you don't suppose I am ignorant of the subject, Lord Erradeen? Do you know I have been here stretched out in my chair these thirty years? and what else could I give my attention to, considering all things? Well, I do not believe in that. Oh, it's far too pat! When a thing is true it is not just so terribly in keeping. I believe it was made up by somebody that knew the story just as we do; probably a hundred years or more after the event."

Walter did not say that he was quite unacquainted with the event. His interest perhaps, though he was not aware of it, was a little less warm since he knew that Miss Milnathort was his mother's contemporary rather than his own; but he had come to the conclusion that it was

better not to ask any direct questions. The light had faded much, and was now nothing more than a steady red glow in place of the leaping and blazing of the flames. He scarcely saw his entertainer at all. There were two spots of brightness which moved occasionally, and which represented her face and the hands which she had clasped together (when they were not flickering about in incessant gesture) in her lap. But there was something altogether quaint and strange in the situation. It did not irritate him as the men had done. And then she had the good sense to agree with him in some respects, though the *mélange* of opinions in her was remarkable, and he did not understand what she would be at. There was an interval of quiet in which neither of them said anything, and then a large step was audible coming slowly up-stairs, and through the other drawing-room.

"Here is Robert," the invalid said with a smile in her voice. It was nothing but a tall shadow that appeared, looming huge in the ruddy light.

"Have you got Lord Erradeen with you, Alison? and how are you and he getting on together?" said old Milnathort's voice.

Walter rose hastily to his feet with a feeling that other elements less agreeable were at once introduced, and that his pride was affronted by being discussed in this easy manner over his head.

"We are getting on fine, Robert. He is just as agreeable as you say, and I have great hopes will be the man. But you are late, and it will soon be time for dinner. I would advise you to show our young gentleman to his room, and see that he's comfortable. And after dinner, when you have had your good meal, we'll have it all out with him."

"I am thinking, Alison, that there is a good deal we must go over that will be best between him and me."

"That must be as you please, Robert, my man," said the lady, and Walter felt like a small child who is being discussed over his head by grown-up persons, whom he feels to be his natural enemies. He rose willingly, yet with unconscious offence, and followed his host to his room, inwardly indignant with himself for having thus impaired his own liberty by forsaking his inn. The room however was luxuriously comfortable, shining with firelight, and a grave and respectable servant, in mourning, was arranging his evening clothes upon the bed.

"This is Symington," said Mr. Milna-

thort, "he was your late cousin's body-servant. The late Lord Erradeen gave him a very warm recommendation. There might be things perhaps in which he would be of use."

"Thanks," said Walter impulsively. "I have a man coming. I am afraid the recommendation is a little too late."

This unfortunately was not true; but the young man felt that to allow himself to be saddled with a sort of governor in the shape of the late lord's servant was more than could be required of him; and that he must assert himself before it was too late.

"You will settle that at your pleasure, my lord," said old Milnathort, and he went away, shutting the door carefully, his steady, slow step echoing along the passage. The man was not apparently in the least daunted by Walter's irritation. He went on mechanically, lightly brushing out a crease, and unfolding the coat with that affectionate care which a good servant bestows upon good clothes. Walter longed to have brought his old coat with him that everything should not have been so distressingly new.

"That will do," he said, "that will do. It is a pity to give you so much trouble when, as I tell you, I have another man engaged."

"It is no trouble, my lord; it is a pleasure. I came out of attachment to the family. I've been many years about my late lord. And however ye may remind yourself that you are but a servant, and service is no heritage, yet it's not easy to keep yourself from becoming attached."

"My good man," said Walter, half impatient, half touched, "you never saw me in your life before. I can't see how you can have any attachment to me."

Symington had a long face, with a somewhat lugubrious expression, contradicted by the twinkle of a pair of humorous, deep-set eyes. He gave a glance up at Walter from where he stood fondling the lappels of the new coat.

"There are many kinds of attachments, my lord," he said oracularly; "some to the person and some to the race. For a number of years past I have, so to speak, just identified myself with the Erradeens. It's not common in England, so far as I can hear, but it's just our old Scots way. I will take no other service. So, being free, if your lordship pleases, I will just look after your lordship's things till the other man comes."

Walter perceived in a moment by the way Symington said these words that he

had no faith whatever in the other man. He submitted accordingly to the ministrations of the family retainer, with a great deal of his old impatience, tempered by a sense of the humor of the situation. It seemed that he was never to have any control over himself. He had barely escaped from the tutelage of home when he fell into this other which was much more rigid. "Poor mother!" he said to himself, with an affectionate recollection of her many cares, her anxious watchfulness; and laughed to himself at the thought that she was being avenged.

Mr. Milnathort's table was handsome and liberal; the meal even too abundant for the solitary pair who sat alone at a corner of the large table, amid a blaze of light. Miss Milnathort did not appear.

"She never comes down. She has never sat down at table since she had her accident, and that is thirty years since."

There was something in Mr. Milnathort's tone as he said this that made Walter believe that her accident too had something to do with the family. Everything tended towards that, or sprang from it. Had he been to the manner born, this would no doubt have seemed to him natural enough; but as it was he could not keep himself from the idea either that he was being laughed at, or that some design was hidden beneath this constant reference. The dinner, however, went off very quietly. It was impossible to discuss anything of a private character in the presence of Milnathort's serious butler, and of the doubly grave apparition of Symington, who helped the other to wait.

Walter had never dined so solemnly before. It must be added, however, that he had seldom dined so well. It was a pity that he was so little knowing in this particular. Mr. Milnathort encouraged him through the repast by judicious words of advice and recommendation. He was very genial and expansive at this most generous moment of the day. Fond of good fare himself he liked to communicate and recommend it, and Walter's appetite was excellent, if perhaps his taste was uncultivated. The two noiseless attendants circulating about the table served them with a gravity in perfect keeping with the importance of the event, which was to the old lawyer the most interesting of the day.

When they were left alone finally, the aspect of affairs changed a little. Mr. Milnathort cleared his throat, and laid aside his napkin. He said, —

"We must not forget, Lord Erradeen,

that we have a great deal of business to get through. But you have had a fatiguing day, and probably very little sleep last night —”

“I slept very well, I assure you,” Walter replied cheerfully.

“Ay, ay, you are young,” said Mr. Milnathort, with a half sigh. “Still all the financial statements, and to give you a just view of all that’s coming to you, will take time. With your permission we’ll keep that till to-morrow. But there’s just a thing or two — Lord save us!” he cried suddenly, “you’re not the kind of person for this. There is many a one I know that would have liked it all the better — till they knew — for what’s attached to it. I thought as much when I first set eyes upon you. This will be one that will not take it all for gospel, I said to myself — one that will set up his own judgment, and demand the reason why.”

Walter, a little uncertain at first how to take this, ended by being gratified with such an estimate of himself. It showed, he felt, more perception than he had looked for, and he answered, with a little complacency, “I hope you think that is the right way of approaching a new subject.”

“I am not unbiassed myself,” said the lawyer, “and I have had to do with it all my life. There are conditions connected with your inheritance, Lord Erradeen, that may seem out of the way to a stranger. If you had succeeded in the way of nature, as your father’s son, they would not have been new to you, and you would have been prepared. In that way it is hard upon you. There was one of your ancestors that laid certain conditions, as I was saying, upon every heir. He was one that had, as you may say, a good right to do that, or whatever else he pleased, seeing he was the making of the family. In old days it was no more than a bit small Highland lairdship. It was he that gave it consequence; but he has held a heavy hand upon his successors ever since.”

“Would it be he by any chance of whom Mr. Bannatyne was discoursing to me,” said Walter, “under the title of the warlock lord?”

“Ah! John Bannatyne took that upon him?” cried Mr. Milnathort, under vivacity. His eyes gleamed from under his deep-set brows. “The less a man known the more ready he is to instruct the world: but I never thought he would take that upon him. So you see, as I was saying, there are certain — formalities to

go through. It is understood that once a year, wherever he may be, Lord Erradeen should pass, say a week, say two or three days, in the old castle of Kinloch-houran, which is the old seat of the family, the original of the Methven race.”

Walter had been listening with some anxiety. He drew a long breath as Mr. Milnathort came to a pause. “Is that all?” he cried, with a voice of relief. Then he laughed. “I was winding myself up to something heroic, but if it is only a periodical retirement to an old castle — to think, I suppose, upon one’s sins and examine one’s conscience —”

“Something very like that,” said the old man, somewhat grimly.

“Well! It might be a great inconvenience; but there is nothing very appalling in the prospect, if that is all.”

“It is all, Lord Erradeen — if ye except what passes there, a thing that is your own concern, and that I have never pried into for my part. And just this beside, that you are expected there at once and without delay.”

“Expected — at once and without delay.” Walter grew red with anger at these peremptory words. “This sounds a little arbitrary,” he said. “Expected? by whom? and to what purpose? I don’t understand —”

“Nor do I, my young lord. But it’s so in the documents, and so has it been with every Lord of Erradeen up to this period. It is the first thing to be done. Before you come into enjoyment of anything, or take your place in the country, there is this visit — if you like to call it a visit: this — sojourn: not a long one, at least, you may be thankful — to be made —”

“To what purpose?” Walter repeated, almost mechanically. He could not, himself, understand the sudden tempest of resistance, of anger, of alarm that got up within him. “There is reason in everything,” he said, growing pale. “What is it for? What am I to do?”

“Lord Erradeen, a minute since you said, was that all? And now you change color: you ask why, and wherefore —”

Walter made a great effort to regain command of himself. “It is inconsistent, I allow,” he said. “Somehow, the order to go now is irritating and unpleasant. I suppose it’s simple enough, a piece of tyranny such as people seem to think they may indulge in after they’re dead. But it is abominably arbitrary and tyrannical. What good does the old beggar think —”

“Hold your peace,” cried Mr. Milnathort, with a little trepidation. “We have

no right to call names, and I would not like it to be thought ——” Here he paused with a sort of uneasy smile, and added, “I am speaking nonsense,” with a vague glance about him. “I think we might join my sister up-stairs; and, as she knows just as much as I do, or, maybe, more, you can speak as freely as you please before her—oh, quite freely. But, my dear young lord, call no names!” cried Mr. Milnathort. He got up hurriedly, leaving his wine which he had just filled out, a demonstration of sincerity which made a great impression upon Walter, and threw open the door. “Putting off the business details till to-morrow, I know nothing else that we cannot discuss before Alison,” he said.

Walter was much startled when he went back to the inner drawing-room and found it lighted. Miss Milnathort did not employ any of those devices by which light is softened to suit the exigencies of beauty which has passed its prime. The light (alas for the prejudices of the æsthetic reader!) was gas; and, though it was slightly disguised by means of opal glass, it still poured down in a brilliant flood, and the little room was almost as light as day. She lay in her *chaise longue* placed under this illumination. Her face was preternaturally young, almost childish, small, and full of color, her hair snow-white. She seemed to have been exempted from the weight of years, in compensation, perhaps, for other sufferings; her skin was smooth and unwrinkled, her eyes full of dewy brightness like those of a girl. Her dress, so far as it was visible, was white, made of cashmere or some other woollen material, solid and warm, but with lace at the neck, and pretty ribbons breaking the monotony of the tint. She looked like a girl dressed for some simple party, who had lain there waiting for the little festivity to begin, for no one could imagine how many years. Her hands were soft and round and young like her face. The wind had not been allowed to visit her cheek too roughly for a lifetime. What had happened before the event which she and her brother had both referred to as her “accident” belonged to a period which had evidently nothing to do with the present. Walter saw at a glance that every possible convenience which could be invented for an invalid surrounded her. She had a set of bookshelves at one side with vacant spaces where she could place the book she was reading. Tables that wheeled towards her at a touch, with needlework, with

knitting, with drawing materials, were arranged within reach. One of these made into a desk and put itself across her couch by another adaptation. It was evident that the tenderest affection and care had made this prison of hers into a sort of museum of every ingenuity that had ever been called to the help of the suffering. She lay, or rather sat, for that was her general position, with an air of pleasant expectation on her face, and received them with smiles and hands held out. “Come away, come away,” she said in her soft Scotch. “I have been wearying for you.” Walter thought there was something of age in her voice, but that might have been only the Scotch, and the unusual form of her salutation. She pointed out a chair to him carefully placed for her convenience in seeing and hearing. “Come and tell me what you think about it all,” she said.

“I have not heard much,” said Walter, “to think about: except that I am to go away directly, which does not please me at all, Miss Milnathort.”

“Oh, you will come back, you will come back,” she said.

“I hope so: but the reason why I should go doesn’t seem very plain. What would happen, I wonder, if I didn’t?” Walter said lightly. He was surprised to see how much effect was produced upon his companions by this very simple utterance. Miss Milnathort put her hands together, as if to clasp them in triumph. Her brother stood looking down upon the others, with his back to the light, and an air of alarmed displeasure.

“One result would be that certain of the lands would pass to the next heir,” he said; “besides, perhaps—other penalties; that I would not incur, Lord Erradeen, if I were you.”

“What penalties? But do you think at this time of day,” said Walter, “that ridiculous conditions of this kind that can mean nothing could really be upheld by the law—now that bequests of all kinds are being interfered with, and even charities?”

“Robert, that is true. There was the Melville mortification that you had so much trouble about, and that was a charity. How much more, as young Lord Erradeen is saying, when it is just entirely out of reason.”

“You should hold your peace on legal subjects, Alison. What can you know about them? I disapprove of all interference with the will of a testator, Lord Erradeen. I hold it to be against the

law, and against that honor and honesty that we owe to the dead as well as the living. But there has always been a license allowed in respect to charities. So far as they are intended to be for the good of the poor, we have a right to see that the testator's meaning is carried out, even if it be contrary to his stipulations. But in a private case there is no such latitude. And you must always respect the testator's meaning, which is very clear in this case, as even you will allow, Alison."

"Ay, clear enough," cried the young-old lady, shaking her white head. "But I'm on your side, Lord Erradeen. I would just let them try their worst, and see what would come of it, if, instead of a lame woman, I was a young man, lively and strong like you."

"The question is," said Walter, "for I have become prudent since I have had property — whether for such an insignificant affair it is worth while losing a substantial advantage, as Mr. Milnathort says. And then, perhaps, a new man like myself, coming into an antiquated routine, there would be a sort of discourtesy, a want of politeness —" He laughed. "One ought, I suppose, to be on one's best behavior in such circumstances," he said.

Miss Milnathort's countenance fell a little. She did not make any reply; but she had been listening with an air so eager and full of vivacity, anxious to speak, that the young man at once perceived the disappointment in her expressive little face. He said quickly, —

"That does not please you? What would you have me do?" with an involuntary sense that she had a right to an opinion.

Mr. Milnathort at this moment sat heavily down on the other side, giving great emphasis to his interruption by the sound of his chair drawn forward, a sound which she protested against with a sudden contraction of her forehead, putting up a delicate hand.

"I beg your pardon, my dear, for making a noise. You must not consult Alison, Lord Erradeen; she is prejudiced on one side — and I — perhaps I am, if not prejudiced, yet biased, on the other. You must act on your own instinct, which, as far as I can judge, is a just one. It would be a great incivility, as you say, for a far-away collateral, that is really no more than a stranger, to set himself against the traditions of a house."

Walter did not much like to hear himself described as a far-away collateral. It sounded like a term of reproach, and as he did not choose to say anything more on this matter, he made the best change of subject he could.

"I wonder," he said, "what would happen with any of the fantastic old feudal tenures if a new heir, a new man like myself, should simply refuse to fulfil them."

"Mostly they take a pride and a pleasure in fulfilling them," said the old lawyer.

"But suppose," cried Walter, "for the sake of argument, that a new Duke of Marlborough should say, 'What rubbish! Why should I send that obsolete old flag to Windsor?' That is a modern instance; or suppose —"

"Just that," cried Miss Milnathort, striking in with a flicker of her pretty hands. "Suppose young Glenearn should refuse when he comes of age to hear a word about that secret chamber —"

"What would happen?" said Walter, with the laugh of profane and irreverent youth.

Mr. Milnathort rose to his full height; he pushed back his chair with an indignant movement.

"You may as well ask me," he said, "what would happen if the pillars of the earth should give way. It is a thing that cannot be, at least till the end of all things is at hand. I will ring for prayers, Alison. My Lord Erradeen is young; he knows little; but this kind of profane talk is not to be justified from you and me."

Then the bell was rung; the servants came trooping up-stairs, and Symington gave Walter a sidelong look as he took his seat behind their backs. It seemed to assert a demure claim of proprietorship, along with a total want of faith in the "other man." Young Lord Erradeen found that it was all he could do to restrain an irreverent laugh. The position was so comic, that his original sense of angry resistance disappeared before it. He was going off against his will to pass through a mysterious ordeal in an old ruined house, under charge of a servant whom he did not want, and in obedience to a stipulation which he disowned. He was not half so free an agent as he had been when he was poor Walter Methven, knocking about the streets of Sloebury and doing much what he liked, though he thought himself in bondage. Bondage! he did not know in the old days what the word would mean.

CHAPTER IX.

THE day on which Walter set out for Kinloch-houran was fine and bright, the sky very clear, the sun shining, the hills standing out against the blue, and every line of the tall trees clearly marked upon the transparent atmosphere. It was not till two days after the conversation above recorded—for there had been much to explain, and Walter was so little acquainted with business that instructions of various kinds were necessary. Miss Milnathort was visible much earlier than usual on the morning of his departure, and he was admitted to see her. She was paler than before, and her little soft face was full of agitation; the corners of her mouth turned down, and her upper lip, which was a trifle too long, quivering. This added rather than took away from her appearance of youth. She was like a child who had exhausted itself with crying, and still trembled with an occasional sob. She stretched up her arms to him as if she would have put them round his neck, and bade God bless him with a tremulous voice.

"You mus' have plenty of courage," she said; "and you must never, never give up your own way."

Walter was touched to the heart by this look of trouble on the innocent, young-old face.

"I thought it was always right to give up one's own way," he said, in the light tone which he had come to employ with her.

She made an effort to smile in response.

"Oh yes, oh yes, it's the fashion to say so. You are a self-denying race, to believe yourselves; but this time you must not yield."

"To whom am I supposed to be about to yield?" he asked. "You may be sure I shan't unless I can't help myself."

The tears overflowed her bright old eyes; her hands shook as they held his.

"God bless you! God bless you!" she said. "I will do nothing but pray for you, and you will tell me when you come back."

He left her lying back upon her cushions, sobbing under her breath. All this half perplexed, half amused the young man. She was a very strange little creature, he felt, neither old nor young; there was no telling the reason of her emotion. She was so much indulged in all her whims, like a spoiled child, that perhaps these tears were only her regrets for a lost playmate. At the same time Walter

knew that this was not so, and was angry with himself for the thought. But how find his way out of the perplexity? He shook it off, which is always the easiest way; and soon the landscape began to attract his attention, and he forgot by degrees that there was anything very unusual in the circumstances of his journey. It was not till the first long stage of this journey was over that he was suddenly roused to a recollection of everything involved, by the appearance of Symington at the carriage window, respectfully requesting to know whether he had wanted anything. Walter had not remembered, or if he had remembered had thought no more of it, that this quietly officious retainer had taken all trouble from him at the beginning of his journey, as he had done during his stay in Mr. Milnathort's house.

"What! are you here?" he said with surprise, and a mixture of amusement and offence.

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said Symington, with profound and serious respect, yet always a twinkle in his eye, "but as the other man did not turn up—and your lordship could scarcely travel without some attendance——"

He had to rush behind to get his place in the train in the midst of his sentence, and Walter was left to think it over alone. In the balance between anger and amusement the latter fortunately won the day. The comic side of the matter came uppermost. It seemed to him very droll that he should be taken possession of, against his will, by the valet who professed an attachment to the race, not to the individual members of it, whose head was garlanded with crape in the quaint Scotch way for Walter's predecessor, and who had "identified himself with the Erradeens." He reminded himself that he was in the country of Caleb Balderstone and Ritchie Moniplies, and he resigned himself to necessity. Symington's comic yet so respectful consciousness that "the other man" was a mere imagination, was joke enough to secure his pardon, and Walter felt that though the need of attendance was quite new in his life, that it might be well on his arrival in a strange country and a lonely ruined house, to have someone with him who was not ignorant either of the locality or the household.

The country increased in interest as he went on, and by-and-by he forgot himself in gazing at the mountains which appeared in glimpses upon the horizon, then seemed to draw nearer, closing in upon the road,

which led along by the head of one loch after another, each encompassed by its circle of hills. Walter knew very little about Scotland. He thought it a barren and wild country, all bleak and gloomy, and the lavish vegetation of the west filled him with surprise and admiration. The sun was near its setting when the railway journey came to an end, and he found himself at a village station, from which a coach ran to Kinloch-houran. It appeared that there was no other vehicle to be had, and though it was cold there was nothing else for it but to clamber up on the top of the rude coach, which was a sort of *char-à-banc* without any interior. Walter felt that it would become him ill, notwithstanding his new rank, to grumble at the conveyance, upon which there mounted nimbly a girl whom he had remarked when leaving Edinburgh, and whom he had watched for at all the pauses of the journey. He thought her the very impersonation of all he had ever heard of Scotch beauty, and so would most observers to whom Scotland is a new country. The native Scot is aware that there are as many brown locks as golden, and as many dark maidens as fair ones in his own country; but notwithstanding to the stranger it is the fair who is the type. This young lady was warmly clothed in dark tweed, of the ruddy, heathery hue which is now so general, not long enough to conceal her well-shod feet, closely fitting, and adapted for constant walking and movement. She seemed to be met by friends all along the route. From the carriage window Walter saw her look out with little cries of pleasure. "Oh, is that you, Jack?" "Oh, Nelly, where are you going?" "Oh, come in here, there is room in this carriage," and such like. She was always leaning out to say a word to somebody, either of farewell or welcome. "You will remember me to your mother," old gentlemen would call to her, as the train went on. Walter was greatly in want of amusement, and he was at the age when a girl is always interesting. She became to him the heroine of the journey. He felt that he was collecting a great deal of information about her as they travelled on, and had begun to wonder whether he should ever find out who she was, or see any more of her, when he perceived her, to his delight, getting out, as he himself did, at Baldally. She was met by a respectable woman-servant, who took possession of her baggage, while the young lady herself ran across the road to the coach, and with a hearty greeting to

John the coachman darted up to the seat immediately behind him, where her maid presently joined her. Walter, and a personage of the commercial-traveller class, shared the coachman's seat in front, and Symington and some other humbler passengers sat behind. The coach was adapted for summer traffic, so that there were several lines of empty seats between the two sets of travellers. It gave Walter a great deal of pleasure to hear the soft voice of his fellow-traveller pouring forth, low yet quite audible, an account of her journey to her maid, who was evidently on the most confidential terms with her young mistress.

"Has mamma missed me—much?" she asked, after the little *Odyssey* was over.

"Oh, Miss Oona, to ask that," cried the woman; "how should we no miss you?" and then there ensued a number of details on the home side. The girl had been on a visit in Edinburgh, had gone to balls, and "seen everything." On the other hand many small matters, faithfully reported, had filled up the time of separation. Walter listened to all this innocent interchange with great amusement and interest as the coach made its way slowly up the ascents of the hilly road. It was not in itself an agreeable mode of progression: the wind was icy cold, and swept through and through the unfortunates who faced it in front, sharpening into almost absolute needle-points of ice when the pace quickened, and the noisy, jolting vehicle lumbered down the further side of a hill, threatening every moment to pitch the passengers into the heathery bog on one side or the other. He tried to diminish his own discomfort by the thought that he took off the icy edge of the gale and sheltered the little, slim creature in her close ulster behind, about whose shoulders the maid had wound the snowy mass of a great white knitted shawl. The low sun was in their faces as they toiled and rattled along, and the clear, wintry blue of the sky was already strewn with radiant, rosy masses of cloud. When they reached the highest point of the road the dazzling gleam of the great loch lying at their feet and made into a mirror of steel by the last blaze of the sun before it disappeared, dazzled the young man, who could see nothing except the cold, intolerable brightness; but in a moment more the scene disclosed itself. Hills all purple in the sunset, clothed with that ineffable velvet down which softens every outline, opened out on either side,

showing long lines of indistinct green valleys and narrower ravines that ran between, all converging towards the broad and noble inland sea fringed with dark woods and broken with feathery islands, which was the centre of the landscape. The wonderful color of the sky reflected in the loch, where everything found a reflection, and every knoll and island floated double, changed the character of the scene and neutralized the dazzling coldness of the great water-mirror. Walter's involuntary exclamation at this sight stopped for a moment all the conversation going on. "By Jove," he said, "how glorious!" They all stopped talking, the coachman, the traveller, the woman behind, and looked at him. Big John the driver, who knew everybody, eyed him with a slightly supercilious air, as one who felt that the new comer could not be otherwise than contemptible, more or less, even though his sentiments were irreproachable. "Ay, sir—so that's your opinion? most folk have been beforehand with ye," said John.

The commercial traveller added condescendingly, "It is cold weather for touring, sir; but it's a grand country, as ye say." And then they resumed their conversation.

The young lady behind was far more sympathetic. She made a distinct pause, and when she spoke again it was with a flattering adoption of Walter's tone to point out to her companion how beautiful the scene was.

"The isle is floating too, Mysie—look! If we could get there soon enough we might land upon one of those rosy clouds."

Walter gave a grateful glance behind him, and felt that he was understood.

"That is just your poetry, Miss Oona," said the maid; "but, bless me, I have never told ye: there has been the light lighted in the castle these two nights past. We have just thought upon you all the time, and how much taken up you would be about it, your mamma and me."

"The light on the castle!" cried the young lady; and at this the coachman, turning slightly round, entered into the conversation.

"That has it," he said; "I can back her up in that; just as clear and as steady as a star. There are many that say they never can see it; but they would be clever that had not seen it these two past nights."

"Who says they cannot see it?" said the girl indignantly.

John gave a little flick to his leader,

which made the whole machine vibrate and roll.

"Persons of the new-fangled kind that believe in nothing," he said. "They will tell ye it cannot be—so how can ye see it? though it is glinting in their faces all the time."

"You are meaning me, John," said the traveller on the box-seat; "and there's truth in what you say. I've seen what you call the light, and no doubt it has the appearance of a light; but if ye tell me it's something supernatural, there can be no doubt I will answer ye that there's nothing supernatural. If you were to tell me ye had seen a ghost, I would just reply in the same way. No, my man, I'm not impeachin' your veracity. You saw something, I'll allow; but no' a ghost, for there are no ghosts to see."

"That's just an awfu' easy way of settlin' the question," said the maid from behind; and then she went on in a lower tone: "This will be the third night since it began, and we've a' seen it on the Isle. Hamish, he says the new lord maun be of a dour kind to need so many warnings. And he's feared ill will come of it; but I say the new lord, no' bein' here away nor of this country at all, how is he to ken?"

The girl's voice was now quite low, almost a whisper: but Walter being immediately in front of her could still hear. "Has anything been heard," she said, "of the new lord?"

"Very little, Miss Oona, only that he's a young lad from the south with no experience, and didna even know that he was the heir; so how could he ken, as I say to Hamish? But Hamish he insists that it's in the blood, and that he would ken by instinct; and that it shows an ill will, and ill will come of it."

"If I were he," cried the girl, "I would do the same. I would not be called like that from the end of the world wherever I was."

"Oh, whisht, Miss Oona. It is such an auld, auld story; how can the like of you say what should be done?"

"I would like myself," said the traveller, "to come to the bottom of this business. What is it for, and who has the doing of it? The moment you speak of a light ye presuppose a person that lights it and many adjunks and accessories. Now there's nobody, or next to nobody, living in that auld ruin. It's some rendeyvous, I can easily understand that. The days of conspiracies are gone by, or I would say it was something against the State; but whatever it is, it must have a

purpose, and mortal hands must do it, seeing there are no other. I have heard since ever I began to travel this country of the Kinloch-houran light, but I never heard a reason assigned."

"It's the living lord," cried the maid, "as everybody knows! that is called to meet with —"

Here the young lady interfered audibly.

"Mysie, not a word!" The woman's voice continued, stifled as if a hand had been laid on her mouth.

"With them that are — with aye that is — I'm saying nothing, Miss Oona, but what all the loch is well aware —"

"It's just a ferlie of this part of the world," said John the driver; "nae need of entering into it with them that believe naething. I'm no what ye call credulous myself; but when it comes to the evidence of a man's ain senses —"

"And what have your senses said to ye, my fine fellow? that there's a queer kind of a glimmer up upon the auld tower? So are there corpse-candles, if I'm not mistaken, seen by the initiated upon your burial isle — what do you call it?"

"And wha has a word to say gainst that?" cried the driver angrily; whilst Mysie behind murmured, "It's well seen ye have naething to do with any grave there."

Now Walter was as entirely free from superstition as any young man need be; but when he heard the laugh with which the sceptic greeted these protests, he had the greatest mind in the world to seize him by the collar and pitch him into the bog below. Why? but the impulse was quite unreasonable and defied explanation. He had as little faith in corpse-candles as any bagman ever had, and the embarrassed and uneasy consciousness he had that the end of his journey was inexplicable, and its purpose ridiculous, led him much more to the conclusion that he was being placed in a ludicrous position, than that there was anything solemnly or awfully mysterious in it. Nevertheless, so far from ranging himself upon the side of the enlightened modern who took the common-sense view of these Highland traditions, his scorn and impatience of him was beyond words. For his own part he had not been sufficiently self-possessed to join in the discussion; but at this moment he ventured a question.

"Is this old castle you speak of" — here he paused not knowing how to shape his inquiry; then added, "uninhabited?" for want of anything better to say.

"Not altogether," said John; "there is auld Macalister and his wife that live half in the water, half out of the water. And it's the story in the parish that there are good rooms; aye ready for my lord. But I can tell ye naething about that, for I'm always on the road, and I see nothing but a wheen tourists in the summer, that are seeking information, and have none to give puir creatures. There's a new lord just come to the title; ye will may be have met with him if ye're from the south, for he's just an English lad."

"England, my man John, is a wide road," said the traveller; "there are too many for us all to know each other as ye do in a parish; this gentleman will tell ye that."

John's satirical explanation that he had not suspected Mr. Smith, whose northern accent was undoubted, of being an Englishman, saved Walter from any necessity of making a reply; and by this time the coach was rattling down upon a little homely inn, red-roofed and white-walled, which stood upon a knoll overlooking the loch, and was reflected in all its brightness of color in that mirror. The ground shelved rapidly down to the water-side, and there were several boats lying ready to put out into the loch — one a ponderous ferry boat, another a smaller, but still substantial and heavy cobbler, in which a man with a red shirt and shaggy locks was standing up relieved against the light. Walter jumped down hurriedly with the hope of being in time to give his hand to the young lady, who perhaps had divined his purpose, for she managed to alight on the other side and so balk him. The landlady of the little inn had come out to the door, and there was a great sound of salutations and exclamations of welcome. "But I mustna keep you, Miss Oona, and your mamma countin' the moments; and there's two or three parcels," the woman said. The air had begun to grow a little brown, as the Italians say, that faint veil of gathering shade which is still not darkness, was putting out by degrees the radiance of the sky, and as Walter stood listening all the mingled sounds of the arrival rose together in a similar mist of sound, through which he sought for the soft little accents of the young lady's voice amid the noises of the unharnessing, the horses' hoofs and ostler's pails, and louder tones. Presently he saw her emerge from the group with her maid, laden with baskets and small parcels, and embarking under the conduct of the man in the red shirt, whom

she greeted affectionately as Hamish, assume her place in the stern, and the ropes of the rudder, with evident use and wont. To watch her steer out into the darkening loch, into the dimness and cold, gave the young man a vague sensation of pain. It seemed to him as if the last possible link with the human and sympathetic was detaching itself from him. He did not know her indeed, but it does not take a long time or much personal knowledge to weave this mystic thread between one young creature and another. Most likely, he thought, she had not so much as noticed him: but she had come into the half-real dream of his existence, and touched his hand, as it were, in the vague atmosphere which separates one being from another. Now he was left with nothing around him but the darkening landscape and the noisy little crowd about the coach; no one who could give him any fellowship or encouragement in the further contact which lay before him with the mysterious and unknown.

After a few moments the landlady came towards him, smoothing down her white apron, which made a great point in the landscape, so broad was it and so white. She smiled upon him with ingratiating looks.

"Will you be going north, sir?" she said; "or will you be biding for the night? Before we dish up the dinner and put the sheets on the beds we like to know."

"Who is that young lady that has just gone away?" said Walter, not paying much attention; "and where is she going? It is late and cold for the water. Do you ever get frozen here?"

"That is Miss Oona of the isle," said the landlady; "but as I was saying, sir, about the beds —"

"Are the islands inhabited then?" said Walter; "and where is Kinloch-houran? Does one go there by water too?"

"No, Mistress Macgregor," said Symington's voice on the other side; "my lord will not bide here to-night. I've been down to the beach, and there is a boat there, but not your lordship's own, any more than there was a carriage waiting at Baldally. We must just put our pride in our pockets, my lord, and put up with what we can get. When your lordship's ready we're all ready."

By this time Big John and all the others were standing in a group staring at Lord Erradeen with all their eyes. John explained himself in a loud voice, but with an evident secret sense of shame.

"Hoo was I to ken? A lord has nae business to scour the country like that, like ony gangrel body — sitting on the seat just like the rest of us — Mr. Smith and him and me. Lord! hoo was I to ken? If you hear nae good of yourself, it is just your ain blame. I was thinking of no lord or any such cattle. I was just thinking upon my beasts. As for a lord that gangs about like yon, deceiving honest folk, I wouldna give that for him," John said, snapping his finger and thumb. His voice sank at the end, and the conclusion of the speech was but half audible, Mrs. Macgregor interposing her round, soft intonation between the speaker and the stranger.

"Eh, my lord, I just beg your pardon! I had no notion — and I hope your lordship found them a' civil. Big John is certainly a little quick with his tongue —"

"I hope you're not supposing, Mistress Macgregor, that his lordship would fash himself about Big John," said Symington, who had now taken the direction of affairs. Walter, to tell the truth, did not feel much inclination to enter into the discussion. The gathering chill of the night had got into his inner man. He went down towards the beach slowly pondering, taking every step with a certain hesitation. It seemed to him that he stood on the boundary between the even ground of reality and some wild world of fiction which he did not comprehend, but had a mingled terror and hatred of. Behind him everything was homely and poor enough; the light streamed out of the open doors and uncovered windows, the red roof had a subdued glow of cheerfulness in the brown air, the sounds about were cheerful, full of human bustle and movement, and mutual good offices. The men led the horses away with a certain kindness; the landlady, with her white apron, stopped to say a friendly word to Big John, and interchanged civilities with the other humble passengers who were bringing her no custom, but merely passing her door to the ferry boat that waited to take them across the loch. Everywhere there was a friendly interchange, a gleam of human warmth and mutual consolation. But before him lay the dark water, with a dark shadow of mingled towers and trees lying upon it at some distance. He understood vaguely that this was Kinloch-houran, and the sight of it was not inviting. He did not know what it might be that should meet him there, but whatever it was it repelled and revolted him. He seemed to be about to

overpass some invisible boundary of truth and to venture into the false, into regions in which folly and trickery reigned. There was in Walter's mind all the sentiment of his century towards the supernatural. He had an angry disbelief in his mind, not the tranquil contempt of the indifferent. His annoyed and irritated scorn perhaps was nearer faith than he supposed; but he was impatient of being called upon to give any of his attention to those fables of the past which imposture only could keep up in the present. He felt that he was going to be made the victim of some trick or other. The country people evidently believed, indeed, as was natural enough to their simplicity; but Walter felt too certain that he would see the mechanism behind the most artful veil to believe it possible that he himself could be taken in, even for a moment. And he had no desire to find out the contemptible imposture. He felt the whole business contemptible; the secluded spot, the falling night, the uninhabited place, were all part of the jugglery. Should he voluntarily make himself a party to it, and walk into the snare with his eyes open? He felt sure, indeed, that he would remain with his eyes open all the time, and was not in the least likely to submit to any black art that might be exercised upon him. But he paused, and asked himself was it consistent with the dignity of a reasonable creature, a full-grown man, to allow himself to be drawn into any degrading contact with this jugglery at all?

The boat lay on the beach with his baggage already in it, and Symington standing respectfully awaiting his master's pleasure. Symington, no doubt, was the god out of the machinery who had the *fin mot* of everything and all the strings in his hand. What if he broke the spell peremptorily and retired to the ruddy fireside of the inn and defied family tradition? He asked himself again what would come of it? and replied to himself scornfully that nothing could come of it. What law could force him to observe an antiquated superstition? It was folly to threaten him with impossible penalties. And even if a thing so absurd could happen as that he should be punished in purse or property for acting like a man of sense instead of a fool, what then? The mere possibility of the risk made Walter more disposed to incur it. It was monstrous and insufferable

that he should be made to carry out a tyrannical, antiquated stipulation by any penalty of the law. It would be better to fight it out once for all. All the sense of the kingdom would be with him, and he did not believe that any judge could pronounce against him. Here Symington called, with a slight tone of anxiety, "We are all ready, my lord, and waiting." This almost decided Walter. He turned from the beach, and made a few hasty steps up the slope.

But then he paused again, and turning round faced once more the darkening water, the boat lying like a shadow upon the beach, the vague figures of the men about it. The ferry boat had pushed off and was lumbering over the water with great oars going like bats' wings, and a noisy human load. The other little vessel with that girl had almost disappeared. He thought he could see in the darkness a white speck like a bird, which was the white shawl that wrapped her throat and shoulders. Her home lay somewhere in the centre of these dark waters, a curious nest for such a creature. And his? He turned again towards the dark, half-seen towers and gables. Some of them were so irregular in outline that they could be nothing but ruins. He began to think of the past, mute, out of date, harmless to affect the life that had replaced it, which had taken refuge there. And he remembered his own argument about the courtesy that the living owed to the dead. Well! if it was so, if it was as a politeness, a courtesy to the past, it might be unworthy a gentleman to refuse it. And perhaps when all was said it was just a little cowardly to turn one's back upon a possible danger, upon what at least the vulgar thought a danger. This decided him. He turned once more, and with a few rapid steps reached the boat. Next moment they were afloat upon the dark loch. There had been no wind to speak of on shore, but the boat was soon struggling against a strong running current, and a breeze which was like ice. The boatmen showed dark against the gleaming loch, the rude little vessel rolled, the wind blew. In front of them rose the dark towers and woods all black without a sign of human habitation. Walter felt his heart rise at last with the sense of adventure. It was the strangest way of entering upon a fine inheritance.

From The Fortnightly Review.

LORD LAWRENCE AND THE MUTINY.

MR. BOSWORTH SMITH has rendered a useful service in presenting the public with the "Life of Lord Lawrence."* The book is full of interest, and there is no one to whom it will not convey some fresh information. In a general way the public may know that John Lawrence was a member of the Bengal Civil Service, who bore a conspicuous part in stemming and subduing the revolt of 1857, and who was subsequently made viceroy of India; but the large majority of his countrymen know little more than this, while many do now know so much. Few even of those who served under him or were his intimate friends can be aware of all that Mr. Bosworth Smith reveals as the result of his patient investigations during the last three and a half years.

A very brief sketch of Lord Lawrence's career is all that can be given here. His father was an old military officer who had done much honorable service in the field, for which he had received little recognition. The father's means were slender, and his family was large. It was, therefore, with great satisfaction that, having received military appointments in the Company's service for three of his elder sons, the second of whom became afterwards the famous Sir Henry Lawrence, he obtained a nomination to the Bengal Civil Service for his fifth son, John. The latter, who had been born at Richmond, in Yorkshire, where his father was then quartered, in the year 1811, after being nominated to the Indian Civil Service, underwent the usual course of two years' instruction at Haileybury College. He passed out of the college in a creditable but not in a particularly distinguished manner, in the month of May, 1829, when he had just completed his eighteenth year; and in the September following he sailed for India, in company with his brother Henry, who was returning at the conclusion of a sick furlough necessitated by ill-health contracted during the Burmese war.

Our Indian frontiers have been greatly advanced since 1830; but whatever has been the line of our north-western border, that has always been the quarter where hard work was to be found and honor gained. Delhi and the adjacent districts were at that period the nearest points to

our then frontiers to which a young civilian could be sent, and John Lawrence was in the first instance, at his own request, appointed assistant to the resident at Delhi, and acted as assistant magistrate in that city. Here he gained experiences which were invaluable in later days, and between Delhi and the neighboring districts of Paniput and Gurgaon he spent a period of eight years. Paniput was a wild, unsettled district, with a population of four hundred thousand people, among whom were many cattle-lifters and robbers, and here John Lawrence found himself in charge, as acting magistrate and collector, when he was barely twenty-four years of age. While at Paniput he had abundant scope for the display of activity and resource, and he encountered many adventures unsupported by a single European. Subsequently he had charge of Gurgaon, a district little less wild than Paniput, but with a much larger population. From Gurgaon, in the latter part of 1838, he was sent to Etawah, situated east of the Agra district.

At Paniput his health had suffered severely on more than one occasion, and at Etawah, notwithstanding his strong frame and excellent constitution, he so thoroughly broke down, that he had to return to England on sick leave in the year 1840. During his furlough he made the marriage which resulted in much happiness, and which tended to make his house a happy resort to all who had the privilege of his acquaintance.

He returned to India with his wife in November, 1842, and was sent for a brief period to Delhi, and after that to Kurnal, a considerable town between Delhi and Umballa. In November, 1843, he was again moved to his old station of Delhi, and a year later he was confirmed in the post of magistrate and collector of that important city and district. Here he formed the acquaintance of Sir Henry Hardinge, the governor-general, who passed through Delhi, in the month of November, 1845, on his way to the frontier, and was very favorably impressed by Lawrence. Before the governor-general had reached the frontier the Sikh army had invaded our territory, and after the first sanguinary battles fought with them in December, John Lawrence, at the urgent call of Sir Henry Hardinge, exerted himself with extraordinary vigor and success in forwarding supplies to the army, in making up equipment, and in collecting transport for the troops and stores that were being poured in one incessant

* Life of Lord Lawrence. By R. Bosworth Smith, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

stream to the frontier, until the decisive victory of Sobraon, on the 10th February, 1846, brought the war to a conclusion, and enabled the governor-general to dictate terms to the Sikhs.

Sir Henry Hardinge determined to annex to our territory the country between the rivers Beas and Sutlej, called the Jullundur Doab, and summoned John Lawrence to administer it. No resistance was offered to our occupation except at the celebrated hill fortress of Kangra, the garrison of which refused to surrender when summoned. A force moved into the hills, accompanied by Henry and John Lawrence, and with the present Lord Napier of Magdala as chief engineer. By great exertions heavy guns were brought into the mountains and placed in position opposite the fort, upon which it gave in. The whole tract placed under the civil jurisdiction of Lawrence embraced a space of about thirteen thousand square miles, a large portion of which was in the hills. In a few weeks it was under thorough control, and a regular system of administration established. Among other reforms he succeeded in a short time in abolishing female infanticide, a cherished practice of the Rajpoots of the country; and he substituted money payments for land revenue instead of the native system of payments in kind, a practice open to much abuse.

Although John Lawrence had been twice called on to officiate as resident at Lahore during the absence of his brother Henry in 1846 and 1847, Sir Frederick Currie was appointed to act in that post after Sir Henry Lawrence had proceeded to England in company with Lord Hardinge, the latter having now been replaced as governor-general by the Earl of Dalhousie. He was, therefore, not at Lahore when the murder of Vans Agnew and Anderson at Mooltan, in the month of April, 1848, heralded the outbreak of the second great Sikh war. He, however, had his hands full in maintaining order and in suppressing attempts at insurrection in his own territory, and later on he was engaged in this manner beyond his own limits in the country between the Beas and the Ravee. The only European regiment in the Jullundur Doab was taken for the commander-in-chief's army, but all that was needed for the restoration or maintenance of order was effected by native troops and some European artillery.

As soon as the war was at an end the whole of the Punjab was annexed to the

British dominions, and Lord Dalhousie having determined to conduct the government of the province by means of a Board consisting of a president and two members, Sir Henry Lawrence was nominated president, and his brother John was made senior member. The latter, therefore, became engaged in the arduous task of introducing good administration into this large country, which had for a long period been in a disturbed state, and which now contained many thousand disbanded soldiers. The efforts of the Board, aided as it was by a most admirable body of district officers, were most successful. Law and order were everywhere introduced, equitable revenue assessments were made, roads and canals were constructed, and much was done towards establishing security on the frontier, where a very excellent local military force was organized. This force, which was under the orders of the Board, guarded the whole frontier with the exception of Peshawar, and it still exists on much the same footing as when it was raised, under the title of the Punjab Frontier Force. It has produced many officers of distinction, and has done gallant service in many a fight from Cabul to Oude.

In February, 1853, partly in consequence of differences of opinion on a question of policy between Sir Henry and John Lawrence, and partly because the time seemed to have arrived when one head would be better for the Punjab than a board, the governor-general, Lord Dalhousie, appointed Sir Henry to be his agent in Rajpootana, and made John Lawrence chief commissioner of the Punjab, giving him the aid of a judicial and a financial commissioner. The difference of opinion above referred to was connected with the change consequent upon our introduction of the system by which the country was to be administered by our officials instead of by Jagheerdars, or men who in return for services real or imaginary, past, present, or to come, had a lien on the land revenue of particular districts. In bringing this system to an end, which involved the settlement of many disputes, Sir Henry always leaned to the view most favorable to the Jagheerdar, while John Lawrence was most favorable to the interests of the masses. Strong arguments were forthcoming on either side, but the policy of John Lawrence, which carried the day, was eminently successful; and the country prospered and proved a tower of strength to us when the day of trial came in 1857.

Mr. Lawrence was in 1856 made a K. C. B., a distinction which might not inappropriately have been conferred on him some time previously. In 1858, after his splendid exertions during the Mutiny, he was appointed lieutenant-governor of the Punjab, instead of chief commissioner, a change which had been recommended by Lord Dalhousie two and a half years previously without success. He had been raised to the dignity of a Civil Grand Cross of the Bath at the end of 1857, and when he proceeded home early in 1859, very much worn out by hard and anxious work, after an absence from England of seventeen years, he was made a baronet, a privy councillor, and a member of the newly formed Council of India. He had previously, in the month of August, 1858, been granted an annuity of £2,000 a year from the East Indian Company in testimony of the high sense they entertained of his public character and conduct throughout a long and distinguished career. He also on returning home received the freedom of the City of London and many gratifying marks of esteem from various bodies of his fellow-countrymen, and in the year 1861 he was made one of the first knights of the newly constituted Order of the Star of India.

He labored in the Council of India, with brief intervals of recreation, until the sudden death of Lord Elgin, the viceroy and governor-general of India, in November, 1863, at a time when somewhat important military operations were in progress on the north-western frontier, led to his being sent to India as governor-general. He landed in Calcutta on the 12th of January, 1869, and remained viceroy for the full term of five years, when he made over his high office to the Earl of Mayo, and embarked for England a few days later.

After the return of Sir John Lawrence to England he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Lawrence of the Punjab and of Grateley in the county of Hampshire, and the Council of India converted his annuity of £2,000 a year into a pension of the same amount for him and for his next successor. He held no paid office after his return, but being elected the first chairman of the London School Board, on the formation of that body in 1870, he performed the duties of that situation for the full term of three years. This was his last public appointment; but he attended the House of Lords until a few days prior to his death, and occasionally spoke; he took a warm interest in many charitable and religious institutions,

and he always was pleased to receive and converse with Anglo-Indian officers who were in England retired or on leave. During this period, as had been the case ever since his marriage, he enjoyed much family happiness; but, unfortunately, in 1876 his eyes began to fail, and he suffered greatly from operations intended to relieve him. His sight for a time was practically gone, but eventually he partially recovered it. After 1876 he came little before the public until he was roused by reports of the proceedings of the government of India towards Shere Ali, the ameer of Cabul; and foreseeing the evil consequences that would arise if these proceedings were not checked, he took an active part in the House of Lords, and out of it, in endeavoring to stop a course of action which he considered alike impolitic and unjust. He was unsuccessful; our troops advanced into Afghanistan, and the ameer fled and soon afterwards died. On the 26th of May, 1879, a treaty, embodying the terms desired by Lord Lytton, was concluded at Gundamuck with Yakoob Khan, Shere Ali's son and successor, and those who had advocated the forward policy raised a cry of success. This treaty and the cry of success in no degree changed Lord Lawrence's views, though he did not live to see their confirmation, for his death took place one month after the treaty had been signed. Not many weeks after his death our resident, sent to Cabul in the wild idea that his presence there would conduce to our interests, together with the noble band of men who accompanied him, were, in exact accordance with Lord Lawrence's prediction, suddenly attacked and destroyed; and we became involved in further and most extensive and protracted operations, which cost the country many valuable lives and an outlay of twenty millions of money. Politically, the only result has been to show us for the second time that we can enter Afghanistan when we please, and that to occupy it, or part of it, in anticipation of collision with Russia, is the surest means we can devise for alienating the Afghans and for weakening ourselves.

Lord Lawrence, early in June, 1879, caught a chill from having been out in heavy rain, but on the 19th of that month he was able to attend the House of Lords, and, though feeble, made some remarks on the Indian Budget. On the following day he managed to attend the festival of the institution for soldiers' daughters at Hampstead; he rapidly grew weaker, and quietly expired on Friday, the 27th. A

week later he was laid to rest with all honor in Westminster Abbey.

What has now been sketched of the life of Lord Lawrence in bare outline is given by Mr. Bosworth Smith in vivid detail, accompanied by many anecdotes and by copies of letters of great interest. Some marvellous instances of his perseverance and skill as a detective when he was at Delhi and Paniput are given in the book, and will well repay perusal, especially one case in which, owing in a great degree to his efforts, the murder of Mr. William Fraser, commissioner of Delhi, in 1833, was traced to the instigation of the nawab of Ferozepore, who was tried, convicted, and hanged. Later on, in the higher positions of commissioner of Julundur, as member of the Board of Administration, and as chief commissioner of the Punjab, Sir John Lawrence had achieved much reputation, and had won the confidence and esteem of three successive governors-general, Lords Hardinge, Dalhousie, and Canning; but the most important episode in his life, not excepting even his tenure of the viceroyalty of India, was that of the Mutiny. Then, separated from any communication with the government of India except by a long and uncertain route, and thrown entirely on his own resources, he acted with a vigor and a boldness that commands admiration. Mr. Bosworth Smith's book shows in detail how he urged action on our commanders; how he pressed for the disarmament of suspected native troops; how he enlisted on our side the old Sikh warriors who had fought against us; how, with the aid of his invaluable military secretary, Colonel J. D. Macpherson, he caused levies to be organized which in a short space of time were able to take the field, how he perceived that it was essential to take Delhi, and that if our troops failed before this town all India might be lost.

The opinion expressed by Sir John Lawrence in 1857, that we might have to retire from Peshawar, has been much criticised; but surely it was quite possible that circumstances might have arisen which would have forced us to endeavor to concentrate our European strength in the Punjab, and to have abandoned Peshawar for a time. I do not think that any one can reasonably cavil at such an opinion; but Sir John is understood to have gone further, and to have advocated permanent retirement from Peshawar after the immediate danger of the crisis of 1857 had passed away. In this last opin-

ion he has found few supporters, and, personally, I think that to retire from Peshawar after we had ruled there for a series of years would have been unfair to the people, who have enjoyed the benefits of British rule, and whom we have to a great extent educated in our ways, while it would have had a very injurious effect politically throughout India and beyond our north-western frontier. I think also that Sir John Lawrence erred in pressing an immediate movement on Delhi upon General Anson when the Mutiny broke out in May, 1857. To urge that Delhi should be attacked was no doubt right; but to urge a hurried advance, situated as General Anson was, was a mistake, as I shall endeavor to show later on. These errors, however, if errors they were, were trifling compared with the magnificent service he rendered and the wisdom he displayed. Sir John Lawrence's exertions did not end with the capture of Delhi, for immediately after that event he had to suppress a serious revolt among the tribes who inhabit the country between Lahore and Mooltan; he had to reorganize districts which now came under control; he had to check, as he had done during the height of the crisis, a cruel tendency to severity which animated some of the officers; and he had to aid Sir Colin Campbell in his operations for the reconquest of Oude and Rohilcund by sending down levy after levy of fresh native troops. These reinforcements were essential if we were to have a settlement of the country, for our regular native army had disappeared, and our European troops were not in sufficient numbers to occupy all places of importance, while without occupation order could not be restored or maintained. Although Sir John Lawrence afforded this necessary aid to the commander-in-chief, he was never blind to the fact that too large an army of Sikhs and Punjabis might become as dangerous as the Hindustani troops had proved themselves to be. He therefore resisted the desire which prevailed in some quarters to raise an excessive number of Punjab troops, and as soon as he saw the opportunity he urged a reduction of all those whom it was not necessary to maintain. It would indeed be difficult to use words that would exaggerate the service rendered to his country by Sir John Lawrence in the years 1857 and 1858. It would, however, be unjust not to admit that he was greatly indebted to his officers in various parts of the Punjab for their firmness and vigor and foremost among them

to Sir Robert Montgomery, who was principal civil officer at the capital of the Punjab for some weeks after the first outbreak, and to Sir Herbert Edwardes, who, as commissioner of Peshawar, occupied perhaps the most difficult position in the Punjab at that time next to that of the chief commissioner.

The account of Lord Lawrence as viceroy will be to many the least interesting portion of the book. A viceroy has hard, unceasing work, and a large portion of that work is of the most important nature; but he has ordinarily few adventures, and there are not many episodes in the career of a viceroy the relation of which would interest the general reader. With the exception of the war with Bhotan, and the preparation for the war in Abyssinia, no military operations of importance took place during his viceroyalty. In matters of foreign policy he maintained generally the same line as his predecessors: and as regards Afghanistan, Shere Ali having become *de facto* ruler, he at once commenced those efforts to support him in his position which were followed up by Lord Mayo immediately after his arrival. In all matters of domestic policy he exerted himself as strenuously as when he was in the Punjab, but it is impossible to mention all the subjects which engaged his attention. It may however, be stated that he was active in urging on public works, and in causing barracks to be constructed for the troops of an improved description. He introduced and carried out important measures affecting tenant right in Oude and in the Punjab; and he had difficulties to contend with in the scarcity in Orissa and in the financial troubles in Bombay. Briefly, it may be said that he left India in a state of tranquillity and rest, with no war present or in prospect, and with no legacy of trouble to his successor, except the legacy of unforeseen difficulties which are sure to come in the reign of every individual viceroy of India.

Let me now briefly record a general impression of Lord Lawrence. He always seemed remarkable for broad, vigorous common sense, and he had a keen and rapid insight into the characters of men. His powers of work and devotion to it were extraordinary, even among Anglo-Indian officials of the best and most conscientious type. He had a disregard of mere personal considerations for himself and for others whenever they in the smallest degree clashed with duty. He was chary of praise, especially to a man's

face, but he showed his appreciation of good service in other ways, sometimes long years after the service had been performed; he never forgot good service. He always continued to take a warm interest in the welfare of those who he thought had done their duty well, and often went out of his way to advise or to aid them. Prudent in money matters, public and private, he always inculcated prudence in others; but he could be very generous on occasion, and habitually assisted in many benevolent or religious objects. He was very frank in telling men of their faults and short-comings, and he used the plainest language in doing so. He disliked public speaking, and was rarely fluent when he addressed a large audience, but when presiding at the council table no one could more lucidly explain his own views or more readily expose the weak points in a case. He was very attentive to details, but at the same time could take broad views of large questions, and act in momentous matters with decision and nerve. Active in his habits, as well as industrious, he could either work at the desk or ride for many consecutive hours, and at the end of a fifty-mile ride or after a laborious day at the desk he was quite ready, without rest, to deal with any question that arose. Sincere in his Christianity, he was large-minded, and would not consent to intolerance, but he was always glad to be able to promote an officer who was known to be influenced by sincere religious convictions. Anything like open immorality at once called forth strong marks of his displeasure. He was made to govern rather than to serve, but he had been a good subordinate before he came to govern. From the first he possessed a robust character, and his subsequent training was well calculated to produce a man able to rule a province and an empire. He was then content quietly to retire from high office, to be happy in domestic life, to bear a great calamity without murmuring, and, finally, to meet death in that "sure and certain hope" which was expressed by Dean Stanley over the grave in which he was laid in Westminster Abbey, at a funeral attended by a great multitude, many of whom could bear personal witness to his wisdom and to his services.

Having dealt, however imperfectly, with the career of Lord Lawrence, I feel bound to remark upon Mr. Bosworth Smith's treatment of the subject of the campaign of the Mutiny. It was probably inevitable that a full history of the life of Lord

Lawrence should contain passages or extracts which praise or blame many individuals with whom he had been associated or who had been in communication with him. My complaint is that in the very interesting account of the incidents of the Mutiny, Mr. Bosworth Smith in some instances either fails to give a fair share of credit to those who were unconnected with the Punjab administration, or unduly depreciates them. His tendency also is to give credit to Punjab officers where part at least of the credit is due to others.

This defect has doubtless arisen from the circumstance that the bulk of the papers at Mr. Bosworth Smith's disposal were written by Lord Lawrence himself, or by officers of his government. Lord Lawrence, of course, heard more of what his own officers did than he could know of the proceedings of officers unconnected with his administration, and he was naturally inclined to place a high value on the service of men with whose merits he was well acquainted. Then, again, the Punjab officers, among other excellent characteristics, possessed a strong clannish feeling, and were much disposed to praise and to value each other; while owing to the great success which had attended the administration of the Punjab and the isolation of many of the officers, they were somewhat disposed to look down upon those who did not belong to the favored province. Some of the Punjab officers who had joined the army in the field had held very independent positions, and did not readily brook the strict military subordination required in a force of the regular army. Hence the general tenor of the correspondence from which Mr. Bosworth Smith gained his information is favorable to the Punjab officers and less favorable to others. There can be no doubt also that others who, since 1857, have written accounts of the Mutiny, have obtained their material from documents tinged by what I may call, in no hostile sense, a Punjab spirit. It is not, therefore, fair to blame Mr. Bosworth Smith for taking in perfect good faith the tone to which I object; but it is to be regretted, as it is unjust to many, and is quite uncalled for on behalf of those who gained abundant honor for the Punjab service by the splendid way in which the country was held and by the devoted conduct in the field of those who came to Delhi. I might say much in support of my criticism, but I have only space to deal with one statement which I think exaggerates a fact, and to mention three instances in which

justice has not been done to individual officers. The statement which I think it necessary to pronounce exaggerated is, that after the assault, "a large number of our troops had fallen victims to the temptation, which, more formidable than themselves, our foes had left behind them, and were wallowing in a state of bestial intoxication." It is true that after entering the city large stores of brandy and beer were found by our troops, and that before they could be destroyed, under the orders of the general, some men had drunk largely; but, compared even to our diminished strength, the number who thus incapacitated themselves were a mere fraction. I visited every position held by our troops in the city in the course of that evening, in company with other officers who even now can bear out what I say, and I saw no drunken soldiers. Some of them were engaged in a fight that very evening under our own eyes, and they certainly were all sober. In behalf of the many good soldiers who served throughout the siege and who were never unfit for duty from drink, I ask that this story be accepted with a large — a very large — discount; and it is to be regretted that so sweeping a charge should have been made against the soldiers who had done so well.

I will now mention three instances in which Mr. Bosworth Smith has failed, as I conceive, in complete justice to officers unconnected with the Punjab administration.

The first instance is that of the disarmament of the native troops at Meean Meer, the military cantonment of Lahore, on the 13th May, 1857. In consequence of the telegraphic information received on the 12th May of the arrival of mutineers at Delhi, and also in consequence of knowledge obtained by the police of the state of feeling among the native troops at Meean Meer, Mr. Montgomery, the judicial commissioner of the Punjab, proposed to the brigadier commanding to deprive his native soldiers of their percussion caps and ammunition. Corbett, the brigadier, was an old Sepoy officer, and his staff and the commanding officers of native regiments had seen no reason to doubt their men. He therefore at first hesitated; but in the course of the afternoon he made up his mind to do even more than was proposed, and to disarm the four native regiments — one of cavalry and three of infantry — under his command. This was a resolve of great boldness, when it is considered that up to that time no troops had been disarmed elsewhere. Failure in execu-

tion would have been fatal, and even if the measure was successful in itself, it might have been disapproved of by the commander-in-chief or the government, or it might have led to outbreaks and murder of Europeans, and loss of stores and treasure at the various Punjab stations. The measure also would have been dangerous and incomplete without the seizure of the forts of Lahore, six miles distant, and of Govindgurh, thirty miles distant, both of which places were held by native troops. The whole responsibility for the measure rested with the brigadier, who was in no respect under the orders of Montgomery, and no one can deny that the responsibility was very great.

Having made up his mind, the action of the brigadier was prompt and judicious. A ball was to be given that night, and it came off as intended; but in the morning, at a parade of the whole force, Corbett, by a skilful movement, which at the moment excited no suspicion on the part of the large native force, suddenly brought them under the entire domination of his European troops — six companies of the 81st foot and twelve horse artillery guns. A judicious order was then read to the men, and they were instantly ordered to pile arms and to march off the ground. Their European officers were with them as usual, and they had no option but to obey. Three companies of the European infantry had at a very early hour been sent to the fort of Lahore, six miles off, and, their arrival being entirely unexpected by the native detachment, they took possession without resistance. Another company was detached in the pony carts of the country, furnished by the civil authorities, some of whom accompanied the detachment, to Govindgurh, and that fort was also secured. Thus, without a shot being fired, was a most difficult measure carried out. The credit was surely due to the brigadier, but Mr. Bosworth Smith scarcely mentions him, and the praise is given almost entirely to Montgomery. That most distinguished man deserved infinite credit for his ready suggestion to Corbett, as well as for many other services rendered in 1857, and for his splendid bearing throughout the Mutiny; but the praise for this particular disarming, and for the happy way in which it was carried out, is properly and emphatically due to Corbett, and I am aware that no one is more ready to give the credit to Corbett than Sir Robert Montgomery himself.

The second instance I shall give is that of General Anson, the commander-in-

chief in India. General Anson was in the month of May, 1857, suddenly placed in a more difficult position than has probably ever fallen to the lot of a British commander. His European force was scanty, all equipment was on a peace footing, it was the hottest time of the year, and his native troops were either in open mutiny or suspected; the greatest stronghold and arsenal in upper India was held by mutineers; no one could say where the revolt might not reach, and there were hundreds of European women and children at scattered places to be thought of, and, if possible, to be saved. He was cut off from direct communication with the government, and he had personally little local experience or knowledge of the natives. Those who were with him knew that he met the crisis with fortitude, and with a calm endeavor to do the best in his power to restore our rule where it had disappeared and to maintain it where it still existed. He is not given credit for this, but on the whole he is rather disparaged. Certain letters are put forward which show that General Anson felt acutely the great difficulties to be overcome, and that he had some doubts at one time as to the right course to pursue. These letters show that Sir John Lawrence gave him, in rather strong terms, advice, which was in the main wise advice, but which if adopted in the hasty way contemplated by Sir John, who was unaware of many absolutely necessary considerations, would have led to disaster. Had General Anson hurried on to Delhi without spare ammunition, without any heavy guns and mortars, and without to some extent equipping his force with transport and stores, and without waiting to make some other necessary arrangements, it is quite certain that he would have reached there without an efficient force, and that, hurry as he might, in the fearful heat of May, exactly the same force would have been found at Delhi to resist him as that which opposed General Barnard, and gave our troops so much trouble on the 8th of June. General Anson, to my mind, deserves credit alike for what he did and for what he did not do under the most critical and anxious circumstances. The impression, however, produced on the reader of Mr. Bosworth Smith's book is probably that General Anson was weak, and that he delayed and hesitated, until, under the strong pressure exerted by Sir John Lawrence, he somewhat unwillingly and very tardily started his troops for Delhi.

I have not space in which to enter into

all the considerations which were rightly weighed by General Anson, but I think I may say that if General Anson or his friends had desired to claim credit for vigor and rapidity of action between the evening of the 12th of May, when the first indistinct intelligence of open outbreak reached him, and the 27th of that month, when he died, a claim might have been made out for services rendered which would have been esteemed equal to such as in other cases have received generous recognition and reward. Whatever letters General Anson may have written in confidence about his difficulties and his doubts, it is the fact that, from the first moment he received the intelligence from Delhi, he exerted himself unweariedly to push forward preparations for retaking that city, and to provide for the security of the various places and people under his charge.

General Anson was at Simla in May, 1857, and, though he knew that discontent prevailed in portions of the native army relative to the new cartridges, he had no reason to anticipate a dangerous outbreak. It is clear from Mr. Bosworth Smith's book that Sir John Lawrence, who was an experienced judge of natives, had also no idea of an outbreak, although he had detective police at his disposal, and had himself, in April, visited one of the musketry instruction depôts, which were the centres of discontent, and conversed with the men. It is not wonderful, therefore, that no special arrangements had been made for troops to take the field. Let us see what General Anson did when the storm burst suddenly upon him.

The army was, as respects equipment, on a purely peace footing; the second line of ammunition wagons of the artillery and the reserve ammunition of the infantry at Umballa were, under the orders of the government, in the fort of Phillour, eighty miles from Umballa, and separated by the river Sutlej. This fort was guarded by native soldiers. At Simla General Anson was eighty miles from the nearest telegraph station when, late on the 12th May, the oft-quoted message from Delhi arrived, and on the 13th more distinct intelligence showed that the fortified city of Delhi—the residence of the Great Mogul, who, though shorn of power, still retained some prestige—and all the warlike stores collected there were in the hands of an army of trained soldiers, who had now committed themselves to fight us to the death. Instant orders were sent to troops to concentrate at Umballa, to

provide a small siege train at Phillour, and for many measures essential to secure our resources and to provide for active operations. Although little transport was available, the three European regiments in the Simla hills were moved with rapidity, and on the 16th, three days after the first regiment had been enabled to move, they were concentrated at Umballa, distant from forty-five to fifty-six miles from their respective stations, while on the 20th part of one of these regiments was at Kurnal, more than a hundred miles from the station it was occupying when it received unexpected orders to march just a week previously. It would take too long to tell of all the measures taken or ordered by General Anson, and the difficulties that beset him while at Umballa, at which place he had arrived on the 15th of May; but in the midst of distressing accounts from many quarters, and total silence, owing to interruption of communications, from other places, he steadily persevered in preparations for an attack on Delhi, and made the best arrangements he could for the safety of different posts, and of women and children and non-combatants left behind.

The outlook was gloomy, but the commander-in-chief showed no sign of being wanting in steadfastness or nerve; and, having seen everything in progress, and most of his troops being well on their way to Delhi, he started for Kurnal, forty-seven miles distant, on the 25th May. He was attacked with cholera, which was prevalent among the troops, on the following day, and died very early on the morning of the 27th. He had been in poor health when the news of the outbreak reached him, and it is not to be wondered at that he fell a victim, worn out as he was by the hard work and anxiety of the preceding fortnight. He died saying with his last breath that he had been anxious to do his duty, and asking God's blessing on General Barnard, who now took the immediate command.

It was owing to the measures taken under General Anson's orders that, on the 8th of June, troops collected from Ferozepore, the hill stations, Umballa, and Meerut, with a siege train which had to be fitted out and then brought across the Sutlej for a distance of more than two hundred miles, were able to attack the enemy before Delhi, capture the guns outside, and to establish themselves on the ridge overlooking the city. It was no small feat to have accomplished so much, without previous preparation, at the hot-

test season, and in so short a time, but the credit due for it has never been fully given to General Anson. Of course those officers in Calcutta who led Lord Canning to write that Delhi would succumb to the fire of a field battery were all eager to blame the general who, with truer knowledge, felt that to attempt to silence heavy guns mounted on bastions by the fire of a few field-pieces, with a scanty supply of ammunition, would have been madness. Whatever the views might have been in Calcutta, Sir John Lawrence must have quickly seen that all that could reasonably be expected had been accomplished. Indeed his pressure for a rapid movement seems to have been greatly due to the too sanguine impression he expressed in a letter written on the 23rd May, that "no real resistance will be attempted at Delhi," and that "on the approach of our troops the mutineers will either disperse or the people of the city rise and open their gates." Further, on the 31st May, Sir John Lawrence admitted in a letter to Sir Henry Barnard that he had no idea that the troops were "so badly supplied with ammunition and the necessaries for a march."

It is illustrative of the readiness to blame those who were not Punjab officers, that a telegram from Mr. Barnes, the commissioner of Umballa, to Sir John Lawrence is given, in which the commissioner says that General Anson was talking of "entrenching himself at Umballa instead of marching on Delhi." There never was any foundation for this beyond the fact that General Anson ordered a small earthwork to be constructed at Umballa to be held by a detachment, and to serve as a place of refuge for Europeans, a depôt for stores, and a link in his long line of communication with the Punjab. Out of this wise measure apparently arose the misunderstanding of the commissioner, which twenty-six years later appears in Mr. Bosworth Smith's book in depreciation of General Anson.

I now come to passages relating to General Wilson, the captor of Delhi. The estimate of him given by Mr. Bosworth Smith seems to me unjust. He was decried by Nicholson, and Mr. Bosworth Smith, on the evidence before him, echoes the cry. He admits that he was an improvement on those who preceded him in command, but he asserts that his health had failed under the long strain, and that he was irascible, inaccessible, moody, and capricious; that he was one day in favor of instant action, and the

next he was for postponing it indefinitely or even for abandoning it altogether. Nicholson, with many grand qualities, was a man of strong prejudices and temper, and disliked Wilson from the first. His opinions, therefore, about Wilson must be accepted with caution. That Wilson was very ill, and that nothing but a strong sense of duty kept him up, is true, and that he was anxious is true; but the statement as to his being irascible and inaccessible is, to my mind, an exaggeration. He may, as asserted, have said that the assault would be "a gamester's throw," and he may have written letters in which he expressed doubts as to success; but that he intended to take Delhi, if it was possible to do so, I am well assured. Little or no credit is given to Wilson, and much to others. This does not seem fair; and much might be said to show that General Wilson, under most trying circumstances and in the worst health, exercised his command with judgment. This may be done at some future day. Here I will confine myself to one statement which contains a specific charge against General Wilson, first brought forward in Kaye and now repeated. General Wilson having ordered the assault of Delhi, and the three columns which attacked the city having effected an entrance, the general went in with the reserve. It is alleged that he then became so nervous "as to propose to withdraw the guns, fall back on the camp, and wait for reinforcements there." I do not believe in this story. Certainly, though I was with him throughout the day with the exception of short periods of absence on various duties, I never heard him propose to retire, and I have never found any one of his staff who heard him make such a proposal or hint that he contemplated retirement. That he had grave reason to be anxious, and that he was anxious, is true; and it is impossible to prove that he never uttered a word of doubt as to our future to some one. If he did so, the utterance must have been in the strictest sense confidential, and it is certain that at no time was any attempt made to carry out retirement. Indeed, in the position our troops were, to attempt to withdraw would have entailed destruction. I may add, that in a note which I wrote from inside the city in the early part of the afternoon, I distinctly say, that though we had not taken more than one part of the city, "I have no fear for the rest." This does not look as if we were disquieted by thoughts of retiring.

If, however, the general did really in confidence utter some desponding expression, it is only fair to mention the position in which he was placed. He was worn with a sickness which had lasted for several weeks, but he had exerted himself continuously, and had taken much personal part in all the arrangements and orders preparatory to the attack. He had launched his troops at the walls, and had left his camp with three thousand sick and wounded, and with all his stores, provisions, and ammunition, very slenderly guarded, while the enemy had a large force outside the city capable of attacking the camp in rear. There was no reserve to his force anywhere, and failure meant not only destruction of the Delhi force, but, as had been strongly impressed upon him, insurrection in the Punjab and in other parts of India. After a sharp struggle the three assaulting columns, which were being watched by the general, entered the city, but as he was himself about to enter with the reserve he received alarming accounts from his right. The cavalry, who had been brought forward to cover the right of the siege batteries and of the assaulting columns, were losing men every minute; they could not get at the enemy, who were firing at them from the suburbs, and for the cavalry to retire was to allow the enemy to capture our siege batteries and sweep down on our rear. Intelligence was also brought, accompanied by calls for aid, that Reid's column, which, on the extreme right, had attacked the enemy's batteries outside the city, had been driven back and their gallant commander badly wounded, while the Cashmere contingent, which was co-operating with Reid, had lost its guns and been entirely defeated. To meet these difficulties as far as was practicable, the wing of the Belooch battalion, forming part of the reserve of the assault, was sent to assist Reid's troops, and one of the two field batteries was despatched to support the cavalry and horse artillery with Grant.

Wilson then entered the city, passing scores of corpses of gallant men, and seeing doolies in rapid succession carrying off wounded men to the rear. Once in, two of the weak regiments of the reserve had to be sent to occupy the college and buildings in that direction, and the remaining regiment, not two hundred strong, was thrown into the houses in advance of the open space inside the Cashmere Gate, by which the reserve had entered. This arrangement had scarcely

been completed, and shells were constantly dropping and exploding from the enemy's mortars, when worse tidings came from Reid's force than those first received, and presently an officer, pale and agitated, hurried up to say that Nicholson was dead and his column beaten back from the Lahore gates and in confusion. This report was not accurate as to Nicholson, who at the time was only dangerously, and as it turned out mortally, wounded, but it had to be accepted as it was told. Then another officer came from the left to say that the two regiments of the reserve holding the college and other positions, were under such a heavy fire from the palace and fort of Selimgurh that they could not much longer sustain it. Next an unaccountable stampede of dooly-bearers and others passed the general, flying out of the city, a movement preceding the retreat from the neighborhood of the Jumma Musjid of the third assaulting column, which had penetrated so far into the city and then was compelled to fall back. It was followed up by the enemy, who were checked by the fire of two guns from the field battery that had entered the city. Colonel Campbell, of the 52nd, the commander of this column, and an excellent officer, reported his failure to the general, and gave over his command, as a wound forced him to seek rest. Thus every portion of the force had failed, and, as if this was not enough, it was discovered that large quantities of spirits and beer were stored in houses close to the Cashmere Gate, and before the officers could interpose to break the bottles, as ordered by the general, some of the men had drunk themselves senseless. Let us consider General Wilson's position at this moment. He had a force exhausted and for the most part baffled; he had lost eleven hundred and seventy of his small force, dead or wounded, in the assault; his regiments were mere skeletons with few unwounded officers; three out of the four commanders of assaulting columns were disabled; the adjutant-general and quartermaster-general, owing to wounds previously received, had been unable to attend him; three of his best infantry officers, Showers, Seaton, and Coke, had been for some time *hors de combat* from wounds, as was Daly, the distinguished commander of the Corps of Guides; his chief engineer was nearly as ill as he was himself; and the great city, with the strong palace, the fort of Selimgurh, and the defensible magazine, had still to be taken, while the camp and all it contained

was practically at the mercy of the enemy. If under these circumstances General Wilson in confidence said something of a desponding character it was hardly to be wondered at.* But according to what Mr. Bosworth Smith says, some one must have told Nicholson that the general had proposed to retire. Nicholson, who was in terrible pain, mortally stricken, and a man of irritable temper, well known to dislike Wilson, is reported to have said, "Thank God, I have strength enough left to shoot that man!" It would have been well if this episode had been buried in oblivion. It reflects little credit on the person who carried such a report to Nicholson on his death-bed. Nicholson had performed his duty in a magnificent manner, and he might well have been spared such doubtful information, which was sure to produce excitement and anger.

I might say much more of Wilson, who for various reasons has been depreciated, but I will confine myself to the foregoing. Mr. Bosworth Smith has done me the honor to quote a passage from my narrative of the siege of Delhi, written in 1857, in which I endeavored to express the gratitude due to Sir John Lawrence by the army which captured Delhi for his vigorous and generous aid. What I said then about Sir John Lawrence I would repeat now; but preceding this I wrote a short description of the strong defences of Delhi and of the superior numbers and ordnance of the defenders, and I added: "It will be allowed that the general whose task it was to take Delhi had no ordinary enterprise in hand. Honor to him for his resolution which persevered to the end, and which led to the success that probably more than anything else will be found to have contributed to the restoration of British authority wherever it has been shaken in India." To this opinion I adhere, and I also adhere to the opinion I then formed, and which is confirmed by much that I have learned since, that it is doubtful if there was any officer before Delhi in 1857, though there were many officers there who possessed high qualities, who would have captured the place except General Wilson.

There are several less important statements regarding the siege of Delhi in Mr. Bosworth Smith's book to which I would

take exception if there was space to do so; but I admit that he has on the whole done justice to the troops, and it is not to be wondered at if, with the material before him, he in some cases has somewhat depreciated those who did excellent service. Whatever accounts Sir John Lawrence may have received, he was too just and generous not to admit the merits of all. To the last days of his life the fact of any one having served at Delhi was a sure claim to his good offices, and it is within my knowledge how earnestly and eloquently he pleaded for the grant of the boon of a year's service to the Delhi force, a boon which had been granted to others who hardly suffered as much as that force. He pleaded in vain, and always expressed regret at his failure. He did all in his power to aid the force in its enterprise, and afterwards he constantly exerted himself to procure recognition of their services. All who served at Delhi, I am sure, have ever felt how much they were indebted, first and last, to Sir John Lawrence.

H. W. NORMAN.

From The Spectator.

CONTENT.

THE question which has lately been raised in these columns as to the spiritual character of content deserves some consideration. It seems a bold thing to say, but we will nevertheless say it, that properly understood, there is no more ambitious and aspiring virtue than content in the Christian sense, — none fuller of true *passion* in the highest meaning of that great, but much abused word. In this sense, content is, indeed, something far higher than the virtue which Dekker apostrophized in the beautiful lines, "Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers, O sweet Content?" In the Christian sense, content has often no golden slumbers; it is not only not apathy, not sluggishness, not passiveness of mind, but in St. Paul's sense it is radically inconsistent with any dwindling tendencies, — with shrinkings and contractings of the mind within the physical limits assigned to it. The ideal of content set before us by St. Paul is not passive acquiescence in anything, but rather a state of mind such as the Stoics cultivated, *minus* its haughtiness and its affectation of self-sufficiency. It is not an elastic contractibility enabling us to move without friction within the external conditions in which we find our-

* Kaye says that Wilson asked the chief engineer if "he thought we could hold our own." Out of this not unnatural question appear to have arisen various fictions which have been accepted in depreciation of Wilson and in glorification of others.

selves, but an expansive force which regards these external conditions, — change as they may, — as the appointed meat and drink of the higher spiritual qualities, the qualities by virtue of which we are bound either so to mould the circumstances which need moulding, or so to mould ourselves, as to derive from these circumstances, or from our own action upon them, the very stimulus or nourishment which we most need. Take the passage in which St. Paul describes to the Church at Philippi what he means by content, and notice in what curious and absolute contrast it is to anything like supineness or passivity. He expresses his joy that the Church there had revived its intention of sending him help, and goes on, "Not that I speak in respect of want, for I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therein to be content." But nothing can be plainer than that he does not mean to recommend passive acquiescence in an unsatisfactory state of the external conditions of existence when it is possible to change them for the better, for the whole passage is a frank admission that he was anxious for the display of generosity by the Church at Philippi, extremely thankful that they had exerted themselves once and again on his behalf, and very grateful personally to those who had been the chief movers in the matter. What he insists on is that if the external conditions of one's lot suggest active exertion in order that they may be altered for the better, the active exertion shall be forthcoming; while if they suggest active exertion not for the purpose of altering them, but of altering oneself so as to make a better use of them, then that *that* active exertion also shall be forthcoming. But in all and every case, the virtue of content does not consist in shrinking within the limits set you, but in going out of yourself, so to transform and transmute the conditions in which you find yourself as to make them feed some of the highest passions of the soul, — gratitude, if the particular conditions specially call for gratitude; patience and forbearance and fortitude, if they call for patience, forbearance, and fortitude; inextinguishable zeal, persuasiveness, and sympathy, if the external circumstances seem to cry out for the exercise of a strong moulding and transforming power to recast and renovate them. Want, says St. Paul, is as great an opportunity for this alchemy of the soul as wealth. He has learned "how to be in want" and "how to abound," "how to be hungry" and "how to be

filled," and yet whether wanting or abounding, whether hungry or filled, in either case alike how to be equally well satisfied with the opportunity afforded by the moment for responding in the right way, whether to the want, or to its satisfaction, or to the call for active exertion. There is no passage in any spiritual writer which depicts a more active, a more expansive, a more positively exalted attitude of mind than St. Paul describes in this passage as the virtue of content. Content is the condition of mind in which nothing can foil the energy of the spirit. It is the quality, which, having evoked generosity in others, flows forth in gratitude for that generosity; which, having failed to evoke generosity, manifests itself in submission to disappointment and patient trust in the future germination of the seed sown; which, having neither succeeded nor failed, but only perceived that more needs to be done before the work is finished, shows itself in loyal and unrelenting endeavor to stir to generous effort those who are as yet supine. This is what the true content means, — that hearty willingness alike for calamity, or joy, or weighty responsibility, which is inspired by the magic secret that in each condition alike there is some divine spring of help, some opportunity of so dealing that the actual conditions, however apparently calamitous, shall be better, there and then, than any alternative, however bright. This is certainly the sense in which St. Paul regarded content, — as resourcefulness of the highest kind, involving a spiritual elasticity of the highest kind, a power to transform what often seemed like mere wounds and pangs and fetters into new strength and life and freedom. Surely nothing less like a merely passive virtue can be imagined than the virtue of content as described by St. Paul.

But, doubtless, there is a sense in which the world is right in supposing that content, — even true Christian content, — encourages what the world wrongly regards as supineness, apathy, pliancy to circumstance. The superstition — for superstition it is — that human energy should be strung to its highest pitch to people the earth, to multiply material wealth, and to increase the physical resources of civilization, is one with which the exercise of the virtue of Christian content can never be reconciled. If you are to regard want or demand only and solely as providing the opportunity for an increased supply, and not also as an opportunity for teaching you how best to bear, and learn the lesson

of, want, you certainly do not regard it from the Christian point of view. We do not doubt for a moment that in the gospel of what we may call the Teutonic races, the first duty of man is to overcome physical difficulties wherever they are not insuperable, and to engage his whole soul in the conflict with the natural obstacles to human desires; but this is not a Christian and not a true gospel. It is, as Carlyle would say, a Berserkir gospel, the gospel of the sea-kings, the gospel of men who had derived their religion more from the worship of Thor than from the worship of Christ; but it is not a gospel that regards the perfection of the inward nature — and especially the power at any higher call to forbear seeking what you most desire, — as of infinitely more importance than the satisfaction of the natural desires. In this matter we do not hesitate to say that the Protestant peoples have never yet recovered the higher standpoint of the Roman Catholic Church before the Renaissance, — the standpoint from which it matters comparatively little whether man achieves wonders or not in the conquest of the physical world, so long as he can achieve those greater wonders which consist in learning to extract gladness of the heart from persecution and misfortune, and true humility from wealth, prosperity, and praise. Even Matthew Arnold, who, with all his scepticism, thoroughly understands one of the great key-notes of Christianity, teaches England a great and needful lesson, when he reminds us how scornfully the more spiritual East regarded the physical irresistibility of Rome: —

The East bowed low before the blast
In patient, deep disdain;
She let the Legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again.

The "secret of Jesus," as even Matthew Arnold teaches us, is the secret that the satisfaction of desire is often a very poor thing, as compared with the deliberate waiving of our own desire, of our own self-will, — a waiving of self-will which expresses an inward and higher form of the spiritual will itself. But which of the Teutonic nations, at least, has learned this secret? Not the English, who will cloud heaven and disfigure earth to get over a slight difficulty in moving a few tons of slate; not the Yankees, who sweep Red Indians out of their path much as they sweep rattlesnakes, with a total disregard of the opportunity offered them for chastising their own desires; not the Ger-

mans, who lavish blood and iron for rebuilding their empire, when they might have rebuilt it, probably even more solidly, by a less liberal expenditure of sweetness and light. Nor, indeed, so far as we can see, has any great modern people learned the secret. The view that the renunciation of a certain class of natural desires is often essential to the satisfaction of wants of an infinitely higher and purer order, is, we should say, almost confined nowadays to a few spiritual Christians, — mostly Catholics, Anglicans, or Quakers, — and a few spiritual Buddhists, amongst whom we might, perhaps, include Mr. Arnold, and all the other believers in "the secret of Jesus," who, nevertheless, professedly at least, worship only "a stream of tendency not ourselves which makes for righteousness." Protestantism, properly so called, though in many respects a noble and spiritual, and in every respect a most manful creed, is in essence a fighting creed, and a creed which can hardly understand the overcoming of evil by any power but that of fighting, a creed whose devotees have never seriously considered or entered into the significance of our Lord's hint that there is much evil which will never be overcome by fighting it, and which may be overcome by *ceasing* to resist it, — by suddenly conceding to its aggressive injustice even more of that which you have a right to concede, than evil itself demands. But then Protestantism is not the religion of content; it is the religion of discontent, of noble discontent, of grand discontent, of laborious discontent, but of discontent all the same, discontent with the physical obstacles to progress, discontent with the moral obstacles to progress, and discontent, most of all, with the moral failures and collapses within. In Carlyle's life and writings you see this discontent written out large, — unassuaged by any gleam of revelation, — and reduced to the naked rage of its primeval genius. So far as we know Protestantism, content has never been one of its favorite virtues. It has always preached the crusade against external difficulties rather than that magic "secret of Jesus," — the surrender of the self-will which loves to wrestle with these difficulties. It has preached the gospel of progress, and not the gospel of content. But surely there is a limit to the truth of this gospel of progress, and surely most of us have long ago passed that limit. The English people at least have, we believe, much more to learn in the direction of the surrender of their

self-will and their darling desires, than they have in the direction of the maxim, "It's dogged as does it." It is by no means always "dogged as does it." Or rather, if it be "dogged as does it," the thing which "dogged" does, is often not nearly so well worth doing as the thing which renunciation does, if renunciation be animated by a truly spiritual motive. The creation of the Christian character is a product partly of Christian effort, but

partly of the consequence of renouncing effort where the object of the effort is desired, as it so often is, chiefly out of indomitable self-will. The self-will of Englishmen is apt to be indomitable; but, in spite of the apparent paradox, the victories of the spirit which is content often to welcome defeat, are much greater than the victories of the spirit which revels in the reputation of indomitability, and holds on to self-will even with its dying clutch.

IRISH NAMES.—The extent to which the so-called "translation" of Irish names has gone in both the Gaelic lands, but especially in Ireland, is something surprising. Doubtless in the latter country it may have been to some extent helped by the operation of the Catholic religion under the barbarous Penal Laws. The Catholic priest naturally desires that the child brought to him for baptism shall be placed under the protection of some saint. But the priest, who as a boy had been driven for his education to France, Spain, or Italy, was apt in manhood to return to Ireland with but a very slight knowledge of Irish Christian antiquities. The name suggested at the font by the godfather or godmother standing before him, might, according to their statement, and very frequently in reality, be the name of some old Irish saint whose fame had not travelled so far as Paris or Valladolid. But if it could be anyhow twisted into the name of some saint of wider celebrity, we may be sure that the worthy man would not be sorry so to twist it. Many of these Irish saints were once famous in arms or song or learning or religion. But one and all they lie buried now—buried and forgotten—in the sacred earth of some dismantled Irish sanctuary, amid the seven ruined churches of Clonmacnoise or the sculptured crosses of Monasterboice and Kells. Would we seek them now, we must go to Irish stones, or books, or peasants, not to people of the so-called educated classes, whose knowledge of the antiquities of their country is too often sadly defective. Hence it is perhaps not surprising that the Irish Christian names should so generally have been lost, or at least hidden away by the queer process of "translation" of which I have given some examples. It may however be contended that, except from a sentimental point of view, the fact is not of much importance. Such is indeed the truth. Whether Domhnall O'Connell chooses or does not choose to spell his Christian name Daniel, is after all a matter of no very great consequence. Let me now say a word about another Norman race, the Byrons, or, as the name is sometimes spelt, Biron. There are doubtless many genuine Byrons in Ireland, as in other parts of the world. But it so happens that in times past there was a Milesian family which lorded it

over a beautiful district in what is now the county Roscommon, and went by the name of O'Birn, now usually Anglicised O'Beirne, but sometimes O'Byrne. One would be interested to know whether there are many people of the name of Byron or Biron in the county of Roscommon at the present day, and whether their theory of origin is that they came into Ireland as conquerors with Strongbow or refugees from Louis the Fourteenth. In the same neighborhood there was, in times gone by, a clan called MacRaghnaill. In Skene's "Celtic Scotland," by the way, I find the name Anglicised "Reginald." But the MacRaghnaill of Roscommon and Leitrim have been less fortunate. Poor people, they now write themselves Reynolds.

Month and Catholic Review.

WEARING THE HAT IN PUBLIC WORSHIP.—Jewish congregations worship with their heads covered; so do the Quakers, although St. Paul's injunctions on the matter are clearly condemnatory of the practice. The Puritans of the Commonwealth would seem to have kept their hats on, whether preaching or being preached to, since Pepys notes hearing a simple clergyman exclaiming against men wearing their hats in the church; and a year afterwards (1662) writes: "To the French Church in the Savoy, and there they have the Common Prayer Book, read in French, and which I never saw before, the minister do preach with his hat off, I suppose in further conformity with our church." William III. rather scandalized his church-going subjects by following the Dutch custom, and keeping his head covered in church, and when it did please him to doff his ponderous hat during the service, he invariably donned it as the preacher mounted the pulpit stairs. When Bossuet, at the age of fourteen, treated the gay sinners of the Hôtel de Rambouillet to a midnight sermon, Voltaire sat it out with his hat on, but uncovering when the boy preacher had finished, bowed low before him, saying, "Sir, I never heard a man preach at once so early and so late."

Hatter's Gazette.